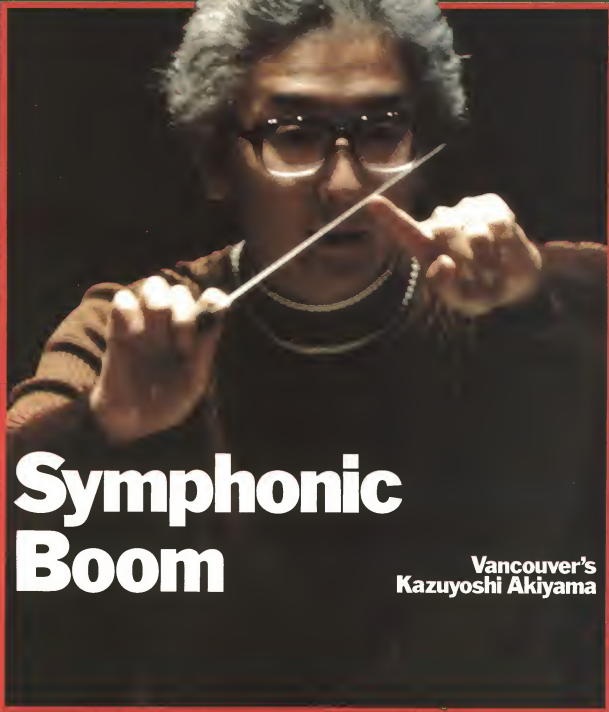


Maclean's

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Symphonic Boom

Vancouver's
Kazuyoshi Akiyama

DECEMBER 26, 1977

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The Referendum Debate: If Liberal politicians and Ottawa bureaucrats hadn't so perverted the meaning of Confederation, writes George Woodcock, the current crisis might not have happened. **Page 5**



Sound of Symphonies: Started a long time ago, but there's still something about that real, live sound. New orchestras are popping up all over, and music lovers are packing their cars to go.



Blakeney's mission: There's hope for a united Canada as long as Allan Blakeney's around. The Saskatchewan Premier never gives up, on anything, and his current project is Saving Canada. **Page 2**



A case for exercise: Cliff Thorburn is living proof that pool balls can be good for you. At 28, Canada's best—and possibly neuro-soccer player—is shooting for the world title. **By Bob O'Leary**



The most innocent victims: alcohol and the unborn child Heavy drinking during pregnancy increases to 50% the likelihood of having an abnormal child in fact a few babies are born



Clines encounter a feline upward spiral: As a movie, *Cat Encounters Of The Third Kind* falls somewhere between ludicrous and dreadful, but as a piece of merchandise it's a work of art.

If Confederation is indeed doomed, blame those who perverted its meaning

Column by George Woodcock

When the Paris Conference first achieved its glorious victory, many of us in the West—and many people in the Maritimes as well—were elated. Not that we wanted to see Quebec separate from Canada. Far to the contrary, but we did hope—most optimistically of all—that one day such an event would bring the pseudo-federalists in Ottawa to recognize at last that Canada is fundamentally and geographically incapable of being welded into a unified nation-state of the kind that is now passing itself off as the only one in the world.

At the time, we thought that the place of origin. We felt that Trudeau and his associates must at last recognize not only the legitimate cultural and political imperatives of Quebec, but also those of other parts of Canada outside the Toronto-Montreal area.

We were disappointed. In Canada the old saying that "in this country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king" must be reversed: here the one-eyed are ruled by the blind, and the government continues to be influenced by the strange illusion that a viable bicameralism will satisfy the burning passions of Quebec, and that the resentments of other Canadians remain to go unrecognized and unrelieved.

Harder to notice has been the rapid hollowing of many central Canadian intellectuals and opinion leaders, who are sincerely dedicated to the idea of Canada, but will not see the problem in terms of the two-way French-English confrontation sustained with such reckless barbarism by those moral deviants of the outdated neo-cons. Moreover, Trudeau and his friends.

As a sample of this attitude was a *Maclean's* column (September 19), in which Alvin Karpman portrayed the aims of the Commission for a New Constitution of which he and many other Canadians I respect are members. It is a study of the constant contact and the following points: the right of Quebec to choose its own constitutional future; the partial right of English-speaking Canada to decide its priorities, determine its constitutional features, and protect its own legitimate interests; the obligation of both communities to conduct negotiations in a spirit of goodwill aimed at mutual accord.

Like a number of Maritimers and other Westerners, I was told to sign this

statement. Reluctantly we agreed because for us it perpetuated one of the great imperatives to any kind of real unity in Canada by failing to represent the point of view of the English-speaking extramurians of Canada.

The chance from which both the Ottawa government and people like the Commission for a New Constitution suffer is the assumption that "English-speaking Canada" is a homogeneous bloc that in the same "passion" and "legitimate inter-

ests" are the Prairie provinces, largely non-French and non-English by tradition, and economically deprived because of a major tariff and transport policies that favour central Canadian interests. There is British Columbia, a land of towns, culturally aware and strongly linked with the West, and the American West Coast. There is also the North, more than any other region a surviving heritage of the aboriginal peoples.

If we focus a debate with Quebec, it is obvious that any attempt to negotiate between which almost three times as populous and several times as prosperous as the other is bound to involve the notion of renewed domination that will doom it from the start. Quebec will understandably decide on departure as the safest way out. On the other hand, a debate between Quebec and several autonomous English-speaking Canadian provinces, a network of common interests between equal partners that would allow us to work out a new kind of confederation capable of retaining Quebec in our midst.

If Quebec goes, the disaster of winning English-speaking Canada at a single blow is equally certain. Quebec will represent the industrial centre, with the largest population. On the other hand, the strength of the other region is relative to Ontario will increase with the departure of Quebec, and they are unlikely to be content with a status-line dominated by the rest of the old central Canada. They will demand a greater say in affairs, greater autonomy, and if they do not get it they will make their own arrangements with the external world and Canada will cease to exist.

It is true Canadians recognized that the federal politicians and the high officials in Ottawa, who gladly present themselves as federalists are lying. They are not federalists. They are either cynical bullies of bureaucratic imposture, or adherents of an obsolete concept of the nation-state. Confederalism, by any true definition, is a first stage of equal and autonomous partners, if our Confederation has been that from the beginning, it would not now face such urgent perils.

The fact is that there is no one undifferentiated "English-speaking" Canada with Toronto in its epic centre. There are the Maritimes with their common and individual traditions and their deep and justified grievances about the historic Confederation has wrought among them.



ests" and even try to divide the future of northern North America with an equally homogeneous block known as Quebec. Even Quebec, of course, is not itself homogeneous. It is not yet with away to English, Jewish, Greek, Italian, Indian and least numerous. Nor can it speak for all Canadian immigrants into the Atlantic and the French speakers of the Prairie have priorities and legitimate interests quite different from those of the PQ province.

George Woodcock's last Parliament-bound writer, diplomat and man of letters.

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competition years to arrive this theory." The Audi 5000 also offers excellent economy along with superb performance. Front wheel drive, Precision steering and a harmoniously balanced



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Quality and variety

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wear the bright scarlet and black, not the slightly tarnished uniform Maclean's described. When it comes to defending this country and its citizens I say I'll give them that power to investigate to my utmost request to reserve a single country. If we must have a base or two to prevent any well-known radical groups getting together because we may have more trouble from the outcome of the meeting, let's have a only to prevent it. We could be saving this country a great deal of expense and heartbreak because a harm or a city would not lose to reconstruct this new country in order to keep a strong Canada we need the base which is not about to let its neck out to protect and maintain its base.

JOHN H. HILL, BURNABY, BC

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are made up of the best men possible. They have the respect, admiration and love of 99.9% of Canadians and other countries as well. To me, there is no more important duty than to be on our own lands. The world recognizes these men as loyal, brave and outstanding policemen. As long as the RCMP exists, we have nothing to fear.

MEL FLORENCE OWEN, TORONTO

I had the painful experience of delivering the November 18 issue of Maclean's. It is my job and I have to do it since we are sworn to deliver everything that our employer tells us to. If the issue were to not be the Royal Canadian Mounted Police I would not deliver it, but I figure the force has to deal with a lot of dangerous people like the cops and I am glad they have some jewelry. After we landed in France on 10 Day we did a lot of things that were illegal and we were considered heroes. What is the difference when the RCMP does what they do?

J. L. BARRY, DUNDAS, ONT

The greatest threat to comfortable Canadian life is not the methods used by the RCMP but the mushrooming growth of suburban which makes such tactics necessary.

C. D. GRANT, BELLVILLE, ONT

Let's redefine the terms a little. In *The New Color Borne* (October 30) on Alan Rickle you say it is part... can rally for Bader would be to delay civil rights progress for decades" but this would like saying that to suggest a coloured man's appeal would not back the fight against capital punishment? There was once a quite reasonable consensus that required capitalization of words used in a special sense, for example, not all Canadians are conservative. I suggest that a return to this clarity practice would help to endow the new Civil Rights and other civil rights and why All Rights to Man can have the same meaning to Maclean's Desk.

P. MACKENZIE, LIBRARY OFFICER, HAMILTON, ONT, BIRMINGHAM

Preview

if at first you don't succeed, consider Malcolm Bricklin

If Malcolm Bricklin contributed nothing else to the country—and he most certainly didn't, leaving it some \$20 million poorer than he found it—he did contribute his name, or his ill-fated car's name, to the language. "Bricklin" means spectacular industrial failure at spectacular public expense. Now, having left Saint John, New Brunswick, and his hometown, Premier Richard Hatfield for their own devices, Bricklin has turned up in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, peddling up (the unlikely he is sure) for yet another foray into auto production. This time, however, it won't be just another "safe sports car for the average Joe" but a real luxury car selling at the \$36,000 range (price here for Rolls-Royce



Bricklin drives, he said

Eliminating the human factor

Admittedly the spectre of a robot-armed society has been with us for some time and further predictions probably deserve to be viewed with a jaundiced eye. However, in one nobody has noticed, the future is now. The robot worker population is growing at a rate of 125 to 150 a month and what is a \$50-million-a-year business for five American companies this year will be a three-billion-dollar-a-year business in 1990, according to the government and industry people who monitor these things. None of the 3,000 automata now employed, unfortunately looks in the least humanoid—nothing like Star Wars. C-3PO and droids are now over all there is no real reason for it. But the Variator Series F, which looks like a drill press, can and does perform 22 different jobs—and is sensitive enough to jack eggs strong enough to lift a car with one hand. The cast size of these automata is that robots will almost inevitably displace unskilled and semi-skilled workers a fact that government and labor unions are attempting to come to terms with now.

C-3PO: just a bit too human

Mercedes and BMW to pass with alarm. Nor is he profiting as he did in New Brunswick back in 1971 to produce 12,000 cars in the first year (the actually turned out only 2,300 in four years) but merely 2,000. He hopes to be in production somewhere in the United States in 1979, but since he is still bringing up revenues and doesn't have a plant yet, that seems unlikely. But then, of course, so does Malcolm Bricklin.

Gidget goes middle-aged

In the midst of the Fifteen novel, which began when Grease went to Broadway and *American Gigolo* to the screen (and which appears to be growing rather than diminishing), it's nice to know that Sandra Dee is still with us. For if James Dean personified confused and rebellious youth, Sandra Dee personified the Good Girl. Gidget and Tummy blood and post-tainted and virginal (except of course in *A Summer Place*, when she slipped). Early in the new year Dee now 35 and looking a bit, will reappear on the sac series *Police Story*, playing the wife of an accountant who gets into trouble with the Mob. This husband, incidentally is played by another Fifteen teen-idol, the remarkable Tim Harty.

Dee is more Goochy Two-shoes



Le cheval Trojan?

Those who believe in the Easter Bunny will also believe that the office the Quebec government is opening in Washington in January will deal with nothing but tourism. Cyacus, however, will undoubtedly see the move as something akin to a Trojan Horse, planted against the day of and when Quebec becomes a separate state. Now, provinces do have formal and trade offices in major American cities but the diplomatic convention is that only the federal government establishes ties in Washington. The Ontario government and the Bonaire government both considered Washington offices, but bowed out at Ottawa's request. Joseph L. Klein, who will run the new office (named interestingly, between the Canadian embassy and the U.S. State Department) insists that it will be "strictly business related" but a State Department diplomat concedes: "The real significance is that the Quebec government may be indicating that it is different, in a diplomatic sense, from the rest of Canada."

Canada

The dark at the top of the hierarchy

I feel so demoralized.

Demoralized that we had to do it ... or demoralized that we got caught?



It seems Ottawa hasn't always been the Sleepy Hollow of popular mythology. Spies, double-agents and counter-spooks stalk the chattering Spooks House. Mail along with ministerial aides and senior bureaucrats. Your friendly local mail carrier, whose left's a Marxist or an arkie can be an agent for the Mossies slipping from his back letters he suspects might carry more than just commercial order messages. That at times is the underside view of the scene described this month by senior members of the secret Security Service during the federal royal commission into the force.

The scandalous details emerged as the Security Service (not mounted in public defence of Operation Catalyst—the opening and photographing of mail that took place for at least 20 years in violation of the Post Office Act) The Mossies made an effective pitch before the inquiry under Commissioner David McDonald for a change in the law that would legitimize mail tampering in pursuit of spies, terrorists and drug traffickers but what emerged, as well, was broader and more disturbing: the secret service believed that successive ministers general responsible for the force, but no right to know about Operation Catalyst—even when the Mossies were asked last summer if there was any other dignitaries in addition to a 1972 briefing at offices of three left-wing groups in Montreal.

Keeping the higher-ups in the dark is a pattern common in the series of allegations of wrongdoing that have been in addition against members of the top. The top officers knew they were approving possible illegalities, so the heads of their institutions in the troops was: don't get caught. This ap-

proach dovetailed easily with the desire to know on the part of the government, which at the time was more concerned about the threat of slipping terrorists—perhaps the Puma Québecois—than the state. During the early 1970s, ministers and senior officials responsible for security and intelligence, in the words of one officer, regarded counterintelligence as "a wily business about which you didn't ask, so you wouldn't have to be told any." Prime Minister Trudeau reinforced that attitude at government policy, even before the McDonald commission was fully underway, when he revealed "politicians who happen to form the gov-

ernment should be kept in ignorance of the day-to-day operations of the police force and even of the Security Service." On the basis of the evidence so far, at least, achieving ignorance was blithely easy.

Since the series of operations by the so-called puma, Solicitor General Flaherty, Fox reportedly has pleaded that the Mossies should not be judged harshly since they thought they were merely doing their job. Fox's member of the secret house, striking at the heart of the country that has existed between the Trudeau government and the force. Only last year then-actress general Warren Alderson had to force their secret counter-spyer Maurice Nadeau to allow him an advance copy of a statement the Mossies planned to deliver on parliament before a parliamentary committee. Jean-Pierre Goyer, Alderson's predecessor, was secretly informed of the force. Once, for example, Goyer ordered the secret to cut off a line to leave the Winnipeg company was a model of the secret's role as a Canadian. Your people, one of fear that the symbol might get up as the weapon in a voting. Then counter-spyer William Hyatt, however, ignored the situation and the gun was used.

One conceivable reason for the government's support of the secret is that, in the Mossies' voluminous personnel files on politicians, there is damaging information on members of the government. The Feathered file, for example, is now a document embarrassing information on the private passions of senior ministers. A more obvious reason for the government's stance is the Quebec inquiry by Jean Kivie, which Ottawa fears at a risk to get the secret out of their province

with the concern to the politicians. Fox has challenged—so far unsuccessfully—the rights of the Kivie inquiry to expand its probe beyond individual illegalities in Quebec into a full-scale examination of secret spying procedures and methods of operations and sources. Fox argues that the entire secret file is open to the McDonald commission, which will be able to glimpse the depths of the Security Service. On the basis of its first two weeks of hearings, however, the McDonald commission had in no way indicated a slanting of its task—matter. Critical questions not consistently glossed over or reserved for secret hearings. Even on recent points the commission, which repeated a bid by civil liberties groups and the Conservative Party to have lawyers present, shows a surprising lack of candour.

Far more substantial questions were the commission in the months ahead, among them:

- Since so Ottawa officers and its independent agency staff would be in Quebec, how did operatives distinguish between terrorists and subversives, on the one hand and legitimate dissenters? The testimony of secret officers so far has depicted rather loosely. They suggested bomb plans and plane hijacks to members of the separatist parties, so if they are all one and the same.

- What did then-director John Starnes tell Goyer and/or Trudeau—if anything—after he learned about the tactics in action of Agence de Presse Libre de Québec in 1972? Starnes had called the Montreal office to say he was "unbelievably annoyed" not to have been informed in advance and that, had he known of secret involvement, he "probably would have sent a far more pointed note for the record."

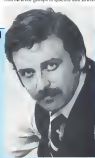
Especially since it was being tested to take place so soon before the federal election "last that month. So far it is not clear what Starnes did—if he did anything—



Commissioners Donald Rickard, McDonald and Guy Gilbert (above); and the RCMP concert band (left): all in certainly not right, but all is not wrong either



what it, even on a full report on the case. • What role did the Department of National Defence play in domestic counterintelligence and disruptive tactics in the early Seventies? The army certainly conducted surveillance on college campuses, and is believed to have compiled information on left groups in Quebec and British



Starnes: the well-informed source

Columbia. The man who was responsible for some of these activities was Reg. General Walter Dubois, now head of army intelligence and security. From August 1971 to July 1973 Dubois worked on a special of first creation in the military general's department, the police and security planning and analysis group headed up by retired colonel Robin Bourne Bourne and Dubois now, respectively, are in charge of the domestic and foreign intelligence components of the federal cabinet and are close friends who stood together at the Ottawa, Ontario, military camp. Both also did separate tours of duty in West Germany, a key Western intelligence post, where Starnes also served as ambassador in a different period.

It is not clear whether McDonald's statement will allow him to explore the Bourne-Dubois-Starnes connection, although McDonald told Montreal in a recent interview: "If we did some of her agency that

intelligence officer for the Soviet secret police (KGB).

Other members of The Montreal's secret service were questioned by arch-critic Peter Kivie, who, in a 1972 exposure of Montreal's counterintelligence, partly interviewed Starnes at the studio and allowed him a lengthy and self-serving confession of blunders.

Next day it was no surprise for Starnes to discover that many of his fellow journalists and broadcasters had rather more laudatory questions for him. The office also produced went into. Turning over old photographs and letters that a man who wrote his first story by cross-examination should play the game with him, he at once resounded and vindicated his colleagues, who naturally assumed there remained much unexplored about his behavior. No one believed that, because the which had been 31, he should be allowed to become just too disappointed for words.

Whatever happened to 'the public's right to know'?

Mark Starnes made his reputation as a Galt House who had on a 1972 mission by tracking down people all over the world and turning them into Telling All to his listeners. It was consistent, then, for him to have told All in a "biographical papers" he prepared in the early 1970s which included inside dope on the left. Within groups of the secret and assessments of members of the government. The Feathered file, for example, is now a document embarrassing information on the private passions of senior ministers. A more obvious reason for the government's stance is the Quebec inquiry by Jean Kivie, which Ottawa fears at a risk to get the secret out of their province

to bring some security work, we would be doing to know something about that to make recommendations?"

Meanwhile, Garth Hampson, wagger with the star hand, stands in the king's light on stage to dispense their annual Christmas cheer at the National Arts Centre on a noisy afternoon in the symbol of all that is right with the national police force. He thanks the public for their "patience and understanding support" despite what "the gentlemen" have been writing. The full house of headless trucks suit warm applause and Hampson—a handsome, lean-day Nelson Boddy—leaps into a medley of Ring Crosby hits as artificial snow tumbles down against a sky-blue background. Behind him, a 40-member troupe of socialist dancers. After the show the members of the band jump down off the stage and pass out candy cones to the delighted children. **ROBERT LEWIS**

OTTAWA

The sky's the limit

They can fly at more than twice the speed of sound and as high as 59 miles. They are armed with heat-seeking and radar-controlled missiles. 1,000-pound bombs and machine guns that can hit the spot 100 miles away. They can stop and destroy an en-

Business: when it gets right down to "Guns or Butter?" the equation answers itself



emy more than 100 miles away. They are the newest, most potent fighters on land, and Canada is going to buy between 130 and 150 of the state-of-the-art fighter for \$2.34 billion. Following close on acquisition of new patrol planes (one billion dollars) and tanks (\$127 million), the forthcoming package of jets will be the biggest single purchase yet in the government's new, open-market approach to military equipment,

and the most awesome responsibility that Defense Minister Iwanuk has had so far since he took over the portfolio a year ago.

The cabinet decided earlier this year to replace the 15-to-20-year-old American F-100 Voodoos and F-104 Starfighters in service here and in Europe. A 35-year-old, under the direction of Brig.-General Paul Munroe, was set up to oversee the purchase and its companion—four U.S., one French and one British German fighters—were asked to submit bids by February 1.

The sales efforts are hectic, with most companies actually setting up offices in Ottawa and providing on-site tours to retired air force officers. Lobbying have followed themselves around Munroe and his staff like the Montreal Canadiens around a goal. And because the competition is among countries as well as companies, armament in Ottawa have also been enlisted. Even smiling, polite, nervous have dropped plans for their plans on their way through Ottawa, and when Canadian jets were leaving NATO bases in Europe last summer, U.S. officials promised them to buy American.

If the government sticks to its track record when it makes its decision next October, it will buy wrong. Doing back two decades to the Aero Arrows, a Canadian-designed jet fighter that was scrapped by the Defense Board, Ottawa has

spun NATO's proud forces. It was found wanting and is now all but mothballed.

Munroe's team is determined to avoid the mistakes of the past. But the choice is not as simple as "the best plane," or even the best plane that can fit into Canada's budget, which Munroe is under strict orders not to exceed. He must also consider its ability to play two different roles: defense of Canadian skies as part of the NATO command, and support of NATO troops in Europe. The first requires a fast, agile, long-range fighter, the American F-15 Eagle and F-16 Fighting Falcon would qualify easily. But the second role requires a smaller, more maneuverable aircraft such as the F-16. Munroe would like to buy just one aircraft for the purpose of efficiency, but he may have to settle for two. The situation is made even more complicated by the constant improvements in aerospace technology that are taking place in Ottawa pending its decision. "No matter what plane you buy," says one retired U.S. Air Force colonel, "it won't be long before it will be obsolete by the time it is delivered."

Another consideration for Munroe and, ultimately, the cabinet is what Canada can get out of the purchase in the way of sub-contracts, or "collar," so the aerospace program. Canada's aerospace industry badly needs more business and the company that offers the most may get the contract, even if its plane isn't "the best." The fleet of life gifts military men, who say that Canada's preoccupation with often less fast to purchase of the wrong plane in the past.

There are also, of course, political considerations involved in the purchase of any military equipment. Lessened economic dependence on the United States—the so-called "third option"—is an official government policy, a fact that may tilt the balance in favor of a European plane. British Prime Minister James Callaghan, German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and Italian Premier Giulio Andreotti did not hesitate to pass this point when they met separately with Prime Minister Trudeau in the past year or so. Because their governments are directly involved in the Panama situation, they may try to link purchases of Toronto to more larger economic deal with Canada.

Nearly lost in this mosaic of political, economic and military considerations is the answer to the question whether Canada really needs a new jet fighter. The costs are enormous, especially at a time when the government is stretching its budget. Air force work projects, the jet fighter is inefficient and lacks the compensating social benefits, of any, a massive investment in defense that, a promise on which the government has reneged. No pilot has fired a shot in combat on Canada's behalf since the Second World War, and even if our continuing commitment to NATO makes sense, new fighters to maintain Canada's status as NATO's most even less desirable in the new era. General A. E. Ritchie, former chief of Canada's defense

They're all so nice It's hard to choose

Brig.-General Paul Munroe (below) has a budget of \$2.34 billion for his new jet fighters—and six candidates to choose from.

• F-16 Fighting Falcon (General Dynamics) Two engines, used by U.S. Navy and French. Biggest in competition, armed with Phoenix missiles, has most expensive—base price \$15 million.

• F-15 Eagle, McDonnell Douglas (U.S.) Two engines, used by U.S. Air Force and Israel. Fastest in competition (26,000 miles per hour), but also the most expensive. Chief of Canada's



jets is Air Command. Armed with Sparrow missiles, Sea Sparrow, Sidewinders. Estimated cost: \$13 million.

• F-18 Hornet (McDonnell Douglas) Bought by United States, Belgium, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Italy, Sweden, etc. F-14 and F-15 cheaper (about six million dollars), but single engine bothers long-range pilots who also have the second to turn them on.

• F-18 Hornet (McDonnell Douglas and Northrop) (U.S.) Exits away on coast. Although prototype, F-18 has flown same scale as F-16 but with two engines more expensive. Tailored for use by U.S. Navy but new design is sold off in Canada. Congress delays funding, it will drop out of the running.

• Tomcat (General Dynamics) (British-British-British) Two engines, bought by three countries that developed a full no one else. Bigger than F-16 and F-18. Estimated cost: \$14 million. Armed with Sidewinders, radar-controlled English missiles.

• Mirage 2000, Dassault-Breguet Aviation (France) Latest of long line of successful fighters, with prototype scheduled to fly in February. Super-durable, second, as are photos of drawings, but grade concerns. But on scale of F-16 and F-18. Estimated cost: at least \$10 million.



several times to more than triple his salary to \$400,000 a year. Of course, he knew they wouldn't, so the lone resident psychiatrist in the whole of northern Ontario began packing his suitcase for a greener pasture in Toronto, which he says is top-to-bottom with rich, money-hungry executives.

The Prince George Syndrome—the loss of lone private psychiatrists in 10 years through exhaustion and outgrowth—is not a rare condition in Canada. “The problems of supplying psychiatric services to smaller areas is a nationwide phenomenon,” says Dr. J. Douglas McLean of Saint John’s, president of the Canadian Psychiatric Association. And the case of Dr. Kyne is symptomatic of a malady that afflicts most of those smaller centres: the only psychiatrists they can attract are often immigrants against all local norms, or sometimes even Canadians who have found they couldn’t cope with big-city life.

Dr. Kyne was born 51 years ago in Ireland but trained at the University of Toronto. He went to Prince George with his wife and five children in the summer of 1974 after a bout of depression had shattered his practice in Toronto and he’d undergone seven weeks’ treatment in a psychiatric hospital. “Prince George was just the open for me,” he recalls. “I had very little assets, having diagnosed a mostly in my drinking career, and high living, and backing home.” But he was soon treating a dozen and more patients in 16-hour days shared between the Prince George Hos-



Kyne: physician, well-beat himself

pital Hospital psychiatric ward and his own, medicine-controlled, 542-bed private practice. Gradually the pressure beat him down.

By now the Prince George Medical Society would settle for almost any replacement. Dr. Kyne's departure leaves local

city to bear the worst of the mentally ill patients in the regional hospital's 24-bed psychiatric ward. But hospital administrator Robert Boyd says that without a psychiatrist the ward becomes merely a holding tank for the senile demented, who must be sent to Vancouver for treatment. Even with a psychiatrist, the ward is badly understaffed. Dr. Paul Gory, a medical society spokesman, says that a nine-year-old emotionally disturbed girl endured five weeks on the ward recently in open contact with a child molester, a prostitute, three drug addicts and five schizophrenics—one of whom slapped the child in the face.

“Insurance pay” may be one way of luring psychiatrists to small towns and making them stay. The Quebec government is now negotiating a scheme to pay \$10,000 to \$20,000 in bonuses to psychiatrists who will practice in such under-served areas as northern Quebec, which has only two psychiatrists for roughly 100,000 people. In fact, even with the Prince George Medical Society in ruling on the federal government for a royal commission to investigate distribution of health funding in the province's northern reaches. And the society will start advertising in medical journals once more—their hope, surely, for three psychiatrists to replace the one who has lost.

PAUL SHRODDE

Hi, folks. Wish you were (Gulp! Gasp! Help!) here

One of Canada's most sought-out tourist attractions is the Nova Scotia fishing village of Peggy's Cove—no porters, three-dimensional picture postcard full of weathered fishermen and dogfish (seaweed) fishing nets, another right behind a red and white lighthouse. It had been on Ellen and Allen Crocker's list since they moved to sea city Dartmouth from Toronto a year ago, and they finally made the pilgrimage last month. Their experience demonstrated that it isn't nice to feel Mother Nature, it's a lot worse when she turns on you.

The Crockers were absorbing the splendid view from high above the waterline. Ellen was holding their five-month-old son Blake, and Allen was getting ready to take a photograph of them to send to the folks back home. “I was thinking this must be the most relaxing, beautiful place in the world,” Ellen said. “Everything was so calm and pleasant!” Except that suddenly a break wave, legacy of a storm miles off to sea, crashed up the rocks and sent the family reeling into the Atlantic.



Luckily, both adults are strong swimmers. More by instinct than design, Ellen tossed Blake to Allen, then a second wave washed them into shallows where they managed to scuttle up the rocks. The baby had stopped breathing but quickly revived—and sent to the Cove's Sea-venter Restaurant and Gift Shop wrapped in a hot towel to ward off pneumonia. “I was frantic,” Ellen recalls, and she still has nightmares about their macabre tale with the Dark Side of Peggy's Cove.

What was almost as shocking was the Crocker's discovery that hundreds of

people have been snatched from the shore by such renege waves over the past 10 years—and that no fewer than five people have been drowned. Despite that, the sea is not as scary as it seems. “I was in a boat wearing a life preserver which most people miss during an emergency the past winter, a life preserver had to be dropped loose from its mooring. Municipal and provincial governments have debated hiring life guards (so terrible as getting hit, that would be too expensive.”

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Sound Of Symphonies

More concerts to hear, more ears are listening

By Kaspars Dzeguze

Halfway up the scaffold black tower that houses the Manhattan headquarters of the cross-branding empire are housed the offices of Columbia Records, classical division, where a dozen sign on the wall clearly acknowledge the explosion in live concert attendance across the continent. "If I had my wish to go to concerts," it reads. "It would have given me tickets."

The schism of that industry joke doesn't quite conceal a hint of bewilderment. A little over a decade ago, the record manufacturers had it made. Live music was dead, and the recordings of internationally famous conductors and artists were about as far as any living room was a concert hall of unparalleled comfort and musical excellence.

Small wonder the record makers are confused. Musicians and critics alike prefer a symphony to any other art form in the world. America's largest classical music festival, the Aspen Music Festival and School, is held in the mountains of Colorado. The festival's programming is one of the most popular art forms in the country.

The years since the Canadian Center-

mat have become the terminus of the arts and for symphonies in particular. Until 1967, it was said that if symphonies might indeed be better under an avalanche of shovels, black vinyl—framed in plastic for all time like musical monuments who couldn't step to the beat of the times. A symphony might survive live or there, as a showpiece of a metropolitan scene like New York or Toronto preserved under glass, like a national treasure, and kept alive by government subsidies. Or they might be supported privately, the way Beethoven's Ninth was supported by the city of Vienna. The record industry supports a symphony as a reminder of what music was like when the first families ruled each wave of the conductor's baton.

Why then, given the Deity's notorious parsimoniousness with symphony tickets, is the silence of the instrument broken in cities by concerts as by insects? Classical music is the most popular art form in the world. From the "1812 overture" commemorated across highways and through elevators by music, from tape students backpacked into the heart of the wilderness. Why do people still rock out concert halls with each other, in such numbers that the Vancouver Symphony has managed to build the largest subscription audience—38,214—of any symphony in the world, that the Atlanta Symphony is filling 97%

of its seats, while the Toronto Symphony fills more subscriptions than the Toronto Maple Leafs?

John Kargman has been the music critic for *The Globe and Mail* in Toronto for 25 years. He recalls that, during the late 1970s, he could post in a five-day week only if he reviewed a considerable number of school and student recitals along with his professional concerts. Now, he grumbles, "working seven days a week, I can cover about one-third of the professional performance in the city, because all types of music have grown so."

Vancouver supports a pool of musicians who earned \$29 million last year—an amount exceeded only by the Los Angeles and New York locals. Of these more than 8,000 musicians, about 300 make their living strictly from classical music, while many others combine session work for commercials and recordings with part-time classical engagements. The stretch along Lake Ontario to either side of Toronto, known as the Golden Horseshoe, could be called Symphony Street, for between Ottawa and St. Catharines—a stretch of some 300 miles—there are no

Vancouver's Kargman (right) and the RAC Orchestra if you think the record was great, you must hear the concert



fewer than 36 professional, community and youth institutions. And even though symphonies are sporting "under one another's arm-pit" in the obscenity of Bruce Forsyth, the musical arts elite for Southern Newspapers, they're not starting for audiences. One of the newest arrivals, the Vancouver Symphony, was founded between the Toronto, Hamilton, Oakville and Etobicoke orchestras, but it's playing to 98% capacity houses.

According to Hugh Davidson, head of music for the Canada Council and then publisher to the country's orchestra, the audiences have been encouraged—if not actually built—by the spread of quality classical recordings. Davidson—who wears the staid look of a concertgoer rescued from his reverie by the baritone in Haydn's symphony—feels "symphonies records have created the perception of symphonic music as something necessary to the well-being of the country."

So while Beethoven signs supreme as the most-recorded composer in history, he also generates sold-out houses when an orchestra performs these same works in a concert series. Clearly, records have taken a lot of the mystery out of classical music and brought in audiences that would otherwise be leery of concerts.

So the audience came, if for no other reason than because symphonies, as an entertainment value, can't be matched by any other kind of live performance. The Edmonton Symphony is presenting a dozen concerts in a series that features such renowned artists as cellist Leonard Rose and pianist Garrick Ohlsson and Van Cliburn, from 1981 to 1984. The Toronto Symphony recovers 300 "rush seats" for each concert.

Photo: [unreadable]





and sells them for a mere two dollars—about half the price of a movie on the nearby Yonge Street strip. It's no longer unusual to find tickets being offered by scalpers at the door, especially for such popular works as Beethoven's Ninth or the trendy Fourth by Mahler. Such prize-winning conductors as Herbert von Karajan, Zubin Mehta and Seiji Ozawa can sell out performances as readily as a Kmartovich or Ashkenazy. A superior conductor spends more time in the air than on the podium—a condition that 46 Kasegoshi Akiyama, the 36-year-old conductor of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra's family lives in Vancouver, but he's there less than half the year; the rest of his time is claimed by conducting duties that lead him to the American Symphony, the orchestras of Tokyo and Osaka and the New Japan Philharmonic. During rare peaceful moments at home, Akiyama picks up the piece of the model electric trains in his basement layout.

"Of course Toronto's got the prize," concedes the music critic for *The Montreal Star*, Eric McLette. He's referring to Andrew Davis, 33, who could be called the Basic Conductor for the emergency may be all but flung himself over the edge of the podium in his enthusiasm for another go at his chosen instrument, the orchestra.

"Some of my friends in England thought I was crazy to come here when I had two nice offers in England," Davis is particularly proud because he's just heard that Handel's, the famous London department store, has ordered the two-record set, the complete works of Alexander Borodin, which is the first was first of his collaboration with the TS. "This kind of situation is rare, but not because it's only over a long period of time that you can tell what they're getting across to an orchestra," he says. Performance is a hobby—and

a forcing one, once he can spend only 16 weeks a year performing in Toronto—in a career which follows by just eight months, with some of the world's top orchestras. He's conducted five of them in the past 18 months, including a series of three concerts that fall with the New York Philharmonic, and has been asked back. But he returns reluctantly, here to be worked around the two years of Japan and China, a series of nine performances in Tokyo, Peking, Shanghai and Canton. The orchestra leaves January 21, accompanied by guest artists Mstislav Forester and Louis Lurie, 17-year-old Montreal piano virtuoso.

Since the technical level of the TS is "very, very high," Davis says, he's been able to devote his time to the more esthetic demands of symphonic music. "Like raising the general level of ensemble playing. It's a question of the conductor creating such a strong consensus that there's only one way the musician can play the piece. All that instant, everyone has to have the feeling that this is inevitable and right."



But even among musicians all musical disciplines begin short of the business at hand—the music—because words can't prompt what notes won't say. Davis gives and admits his instructions to the orchestra may be on the funny side. "I once told them, 'This sounds like a nice pudding. I mean, it's useful.' It's very silly, but when we did it again, it was perfect."

Musicians have been interpreting signals, music and metaphor for nearly a century in Canada. Calgary had a rudimentary ensemble back in 1885, the same year the precursor to the Banffshire Philharmonic was founded. But few of these musical officers of the European symphony tradition took root. As recently as 1964, musicians described Ottawa as "the graveyard of symphony orchestras."

They were a musical phenomenon at best, budding in the fall and flowering during the long winter months, only to wither as the snows and audiences melted away in April. In Montreal, orchestra musicians,

displaced from their regular theatre jobs by the takers, played in the parks and passed around a hat. Even during the Festival in Toronto, mostly violinist Hilde Thumond, there were large audiences leaving out for Pops Concerts in Victory Stadium. By the time the next, second-year and guest artist had been paid, there weren't always enough left to give the players their dividend for.

Things have improved since then: the Montreal Symphony players have settled for a base pay of \$37.6 per week, though they're out on strike over other issues and Montreal is spending its second Christmas without the historical seasonal music from its symphony. Meanwhile, members of the Toronto Symphony accepted a three-year contract which will give them \$400 a week by 1989.

The explosion of symphonic music is national in scope. The Canada Council gave Canadian symphonies \$3.6 million last year, or an average of about 22% of their budgets for their major orchestras. This is a far cry from the 40% support the Swiss government gives the Zurich Symphony, or the 45% that Herbert von Karajan's supply Berlin Philharmonic receives. It's also comfortably removed from the taken 3% to 6% the U.S. government gives events held at one time. The degree of support European orchestras receive makes them all but oblivious of their audience which are indifferent in their halfhearted clasp for musical glory. The audience is reacting in many places by staying home. Canadian orchestras are usually aware of their community and directly dependent upon it for support. That's why British Columbia supports 14 orchestras, including the Okanagan Symphony, whose musicians are so scattered along the valley that they drive an estimated total of 30,000 miles each year just to rehearse.

In Saskatoon, community support for

Toronto's music: nothing over more season tickets than the Maple Leafs



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Even with conservation, the demand for energy will continue to grow as the population increases and industry develops. The need to find new sources of supply to share an increasing load is very real.

So, by expanding our exploration activities to coal and uranium we're helping to serve Canada's energy needs and demonstrate that Imperial means energy.



Imperial Oil Limited



Ottawa's Berardelli playing Canadiens, despite the loss, because he wants to

what critics are calling the most exciting orchestra in the Praetoria is so strong that its 2,000 seat house is pretty well filled for each pair of performances—no mean achievement, since the orchestra draws on a population of less than 150,000.

What is happening in the offices of the Catalina County High Division, in short name and more musicians are coming out from the "craft underground" into the foothills. Musicians flocked with singing, they went through the Kline School and the Kline School of Music. They have courage and made the money in live professional live-theater players. A professional one can then be recognized by amount as the Education symphony was up to 1971, or professionals as the Hamilton symphony is today. The result is an orchestra of musicians, a symphony of influence and the gifted—Berlioz modeling—band of wealthy benefactors. Such an orchestra is truly the conductor's instrument—a fact recognized by conductors the world over. That's why 400 applicants from around the globe jumped to the Kline School of Music. The Kline School of Music of the Atlantic Symphony announced his retirement.

The AGO musicians voted over unanimously for Yulian Yampolsky, the 34-year-old former assistant conductor of the Moscow Philharmonic Yampolsky, a Jew, caught who left the USSR in 1973, has already completed two trips this season of the AGO's "home"—a 21-city circuit through the Maritimes—picking houses and earning phantasies wherever he goes. The AGO is the first orchestra Yampolsky can call his own, and he's excited by the prospect of developing his own style and leaving it to his legacy to the orchestra. He

to conduct the Cleveland Symphony, he says, "but it's nothing to the thrill of building your own. It's like the difference between cooking a meal and eating somebody else's dinner."

But if the orchestra are free to succeed in the direction they choose, they're free to fail as well if they choose doesn't find an audience. That's why marketing has become part of symphony life every bit as much as it's part of making soap flakes. For those who don't know how to blow bubbles, the Canada Council supports Danny Newman from Chicago, where he serves the Lyric Opera doing what he knows best—building subscription audiences.

Newcomer when *The New York Times* calls "the Billy Graham of subordination theory" specializes in a hard, direct-mail campaign which utilizes potential customers' fears or opera goes with brochures that have been designed for their partners but never equaled in effectiveness. Many of Newman's clients double or quadruple their subscriptions, but none has soared like the *Vancouver Symphony* from 2,500 to 35,000 in eight years. In a 15-hour marathon presentation in his room at the Vancouver's Sheraton Hotel, Newman says he has "discussed this concept to his heart's content."

Even so, Michael Allerton, a manager of the arts, feels frustrated by the fact that while his orchestra has worked very hard indeed—it earns a whopping 51% of its income, by most, that of some orchestras—the Canada Council has dropped its support from a historic high of 26% to a mere 15%. And so the orchestra with the largest subscription rolls in the world ended up a deficit last year, for the first time in years.

where the population supports four orchestras: one in Sherbrooke, one in Quebec City and two in Montreal—the McGill Chamber Orchestra and the Montreal Symphony. By contrast, Ottawa, with a roughly equivalent population, has 31 orchestras and at least one more is on the way.

Since its election of the Parti Québécois, English-speaking orchestra administrators have been concerned lest music in Quebec become a political issue. James Preira, the American conductor of the Quebec Symphony, which this season celebrates its 75th anniversary, doubts there is any pressure on him: "It'd be ever good to me to point that I can't pick the best record if it's not a success. I'll leave" he says. It's doubtful that Quebec would let him go. Preira has won over the city with his music, and through his energetic self-promotion he's shown for his mark. He began to learn French immediately and, fearlessly appeared on live radio phone-in shows—also addressed his audience from the podium—before he knew an anglo from a franc.

De Pree it is truly a testament of a man: as wide as his name, weathered and half again as tall, he walks with a slow, deliberate gait, but is guided by the iron braces he's worn over some he constructed poles in flung bolts. "January" at the Palace with the King of Thailand. "Type coming by the State Department," he explains. "They assumed that since Fin Black, my only interest is war."

De Fries knows there are enough pressures on conductors and performers without making them greater because of wayward nationalists, especially the self-deprecating sort that Canadians believe they've invented but which apparently

"America has an inferiority complex when it comes to music; you've got to be European—by birth, training or success—to be any good. If you have an accent, better still." The West was just his mentor, Leonard Bernstein, was the only native-born American conducting major American orchestras, so he refused there would be no getting around the "European rule."

Granted by the Radio City Orchestra while we waited for the orchestra to start playing, he took one sip of the white, creamy drink, a single winning success in Europe to open doors that had remained closed in New York for years.

With his wife, Betty—the first

otherapies who got him back on his feet—De Proust spent a full year in enforced silence in Holland, awaiting his debut with the Rotterdam Philharmonic. The review was unanimous and loud, and the results immediate: With European success behind him, De Proust's dreams unfolded with fairy-tale precision and lightning speed. He was given a Martha Bard Rockefeller grant, he conducted with Zubin Mehta, André Watts and other renowned artists, and he guest-conducted the famous sym-

Later, he would accept an appointment as associate conductor of the National Symphony, "despite warnings that being the associate conductor of anything is the first step on the road to obscurity." He had to do it, if only to relish working in Court's tall Hall where his aunt, the venerable Maria Anderson, had been turned from appearing years before.

30 De Prestis has made his peace with reality—the Canadian not Québécois identity—and the requirement that all artists supported by the Canada Council do one Canadian composition in 10. And here a Canadian on every fifth guest artist: De Prestis himself performs concerti "where I know an old friend like Busoni is going to talk to me," but he has plunged with characteristic enthusiasm into the thicker, more contemporary music, including the thematic of all periods, Murray Schafer's. "When we performed his Unaltered Swell for Gorkis, I first explained to the audience that the piece wasn't long, and that they couldn't form an opinion from hearing it once. Then I told them I'd play it twice."

Double-exposure of contemporary works is becoming a concert convention. Andrew Davis does it in Toronto. Marin Bernardi has done the same in Ottawa, though feelings ran high about the amount of Canadian programming he does for the National Arts Centre Orchestra. "Technically, I don't have to abide by the Canadian Council rules, since we're funded directly by the Secretary of State," explains Bernardi. "But we're in effect the federal



Guise's *De Protest* (it's hard to understand the first time, there's nothing wrong with playing it twice

...ness, so I feel a certain obligation," he says, waving his hand over the score that's spread before him, laid out stiff to dramatize his championing of the Canadian cause. "It's a busy concern by Oskar Meriwether. I've practically decided to do it," he says, looking up shyly and blinking his eyes which look so soft and sensitive that they would run gentle tears at the first unkind word.

The book's downing, or *Grava's* reaction to Canadian mass-music observers keep Bernard perpetually drowned. One woman wrote the star asking why they couldn't do everybody a favor and put all the sopranos and all the contemporary works on the same program, so decent people could stay home that night. A performance of Robert Aulian's *Spreads* was made memorable by a torrent of boos and hisses, followed by cheers—"How does *Mein Bernhard*?"—the likes of which he'd never seen.

Bernard's hand-picked the 44 musicians for the classical-size orchestra. But he had to find them first, since all the existing orchestras made him pledge that he wouldn't mod them. The average age of the players was 36, so Bernard (his closest friend) named the orchestra Musically. Musically he learned it to the point that the dazzling American mezzo, Frederica von Stade, returned on being the orchestra to record Stravinsky's *Salome*.

Reverings that will spread their focus beyond reach of most conductors, to say nothing of their orchestras' finances. For although Andrew Davis' personal



recording contract with Columbia gave it 15 of the opportunity to record Bonadus' year ago and several works by Leon Janovick this November, the two-dollar, per-second recording cost is so outrageous for all countries except the U.S. Free (Chicago, Boston, Cleveland, New York, Philadelphia) must contribute to the cost. They could not have recorded without the funds raised by the Women's Committee.

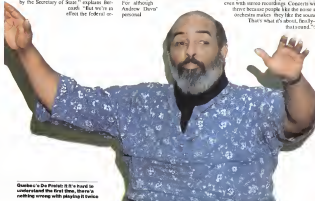
The next best thing is a car concert for performances that occasionally result in small-scale pressing. "We spend over one million dollars a year on symphony music," says Bob Sommer, head of radio music for the English-language division. And he hopes to expand so long as orchestras remember "the car is interested in presentation, not phonedrums."

Clearly, records and live concerts were meant to exist in a symbiotic relationship. "They present so much of the human soul," says Andrew Davis, "which is why music in particular and the arts in general are so popular. People want to find ways to be, and many find this music. Maybe it's a reaction against materialism, or some-thing better about the human condition."

An observation by Hugh Davidson of the Canada Council notes the future:

the symphony—if not its recording twin—into films. The fact is that music cannot be reproduced. It simply can't be done even with stereo recordings. Concerts will thrive because people like the noise an orchestra makes; they like the sound.

That's what it's about, finally—
that's good. ♡



Quebec's *De Peuple à Peuple* (It's hard to understand the first time, there's nothing wrong with playing it twice).

Blakeney's mission

Dogged? Tenacious? Well, he has a country to save By Suzanne Zwarun

It's two months before summer, it's late fall, it's Saskatoon and that's a combination to give anyone a dose of the blues. A cold, coffeeless bus shudders out of the King George Hotel Hotel. Coherent press officer Frank Lewtan has been pressed into temporary duty as a foggy-headed chauffeur. The Premier's wife, Anne, is barely on her feet after an appendix operation two weeks before The New Democratic Party (NDP) will take place away. Allan Blakeney grins open the station wagon door and his bag and Theresa splinters on the pavement. He slams the door on his wife's apologies, opens around to face the drizzly, deserted street and yells "That's her!"

That's all. Totally composed now, Blakeney turns back to the car and clutches with the air of a man consciously starting his day. Now Blakeney is a reasonable man, a man not prone to rages, to passions, to eruptions. He handles life with a super-cool efficiency. Broken Theresa dismounted with her already into another spot, digging into his briefcase, discovering the day's agenda has sketched his most precious hour, the 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. time he himself has always sought to catch his breath. That raises a glint, a grin.

In the next 15 hours, Blakeney will circle through five Francophone villages midway between Saskatoon and Prince Albert. He'll talk to a couple of dozen classrooms of schoolchildren, press the flesh at three coffee parties, speak at a banqueting and again at a dinner, tour the Blanche historical site and look over the Chin Arrow Indian reserve. Then, as the evening draws toward midnight and the band turns up for a dance, he'll appear at a low fireworks club.

back into the station wagon and head for Regina, four hours away.

Small wonder! Friday morning is a racing down block. But as the service into the city, the northwesterly sky jinks, as the country grows lumpy: landscape and pebbles that mountains on the Trans-Canada Highway would ever believe. Blakeney slides into working gear. He arrived in Saskatoon the day before to open the two-million-dollar John Dutton School for handicapped children, a government institution. He'll and the day a St. Louis language and dance. New Democratic Party business. But he'll spend the day, meeting opportunities, making appointments when they're not offered, on

Allan Blakeney's own private business saving Canada.

In kindergarten, lined with lunch boxes plastered with clouds of Charlie's Angels, he games out stick pictures of the Queen on her 1973 visit to Saskatchewan and talks about Canada's government. In elementary classes where he kids all have French surnames and speak only English, he checks surnames and pushes them into a pride in their French ancestry. In junior and senior classes, where portraits of the Pope and the Queen share wall billing, he warns that the future of Canada is at stake and future citizens must think about that. He blazes for his own singularity, became over St. John's School's success at creating an entirely bilingual high school, praises Saskatchewan's multicultural roots.

It's a lonely mission. After a droughty spring and a soggy fall, Saskatchewan has a single, contradictory job: to grow. The Crop Bank oil dealer or housewife, people are concerned about the government's land bank to get new farmers started, about the shortage of propane for grain dryers, about the threat to family farms, about falling wheat prices and falling grain prices. Blakeney, who has some talent for small talk, listens carefully, answers seriously but, always, he turns the conversation to Canada. "There are decisions to be made about Quebec," about separation, about

unity. We're in difficult times. We're not sure about the future of Canada and there is some straight thinking coming up. The issue Saskatchewan takes depends on what the Saskatchewan people want. I ask you to give it some hard thought over the next couple of years. Decide what you think should be done and tell your elected representatives."

Even given in Hazy (population 88) villages want to show off their new \$40,000 community hall and complex about the cost of keeping the main street alive. In Dunsbury (population 188) they are underwhelmed on the Premier, joking that eating bread will keep up wheat prices. In Bellevue (population 54 families), teenagers are disappointed about the drinking age having been raised back to 19. No one wonders, even only, what Quebec wants now.

Blakeney observes that Saskatchewan is the only province where people of British descent and French descent even together don't form a majority. "The (Sask) immigrants who came to Saskatchewan had to make an emotional commitment; however, there was no going back for them. That gives them a very, very strong attachment to Canada." It often seems, however, a commitment to Saskatchewan. A member of the postwar Saskatchewan Club has heard members only twice mention Quebec. The most repeated refrain is a simple "People either think it's all talk and Quebec won't go or Quebec will go and it's not going to make the slightest difference to them."

Blakeney keeps right on digging away, and he can only hope the first of Canada isn't weighed on the scales of Chernobyl. René Lévesque, the ruffled man behind the Quebec mask, works passionately and plays housewifely, and used to be known for his late-night jokes about the Prime Minister. Separated from his wife, living with a rejection other women, he's short, biding, bugged, huggy-eyed and doozy-mouthed. But he sweeps a crowd like a tidal wave, pleading against Chernobyl, reassuring, charming, challenging, constantly working his hands, his eyebrows, his forehead with his shoulders. He seduces, he silences, he sweeps with emotion. The performance and the man are unforgettable.

Then there's Blakeney. Not quite short, not quite fat. Eyes not quite blue, not quite grey. A peppy little man, with close-cropped, never nuzzled hair, gang plant grey, nothing so interesting as silver. A blond, smooth, polite, unremarkable face only presiding an unobtrusive handle of justice. A Baptist. A non-smoker and a virtual non-drinker, he appears as a man with a stomach rebelled against coffee. In other past, in opposition leader, he, too, played poker with the press, but that only happens at a occasional one or twice a year now and the stakes are modest and close: not the hundreds of dollars the Quebecers are into. Despite a hint of a lip and



The Blakeney at the Great Wall of China: now, about the politics...

a tendency to shirkers, he gives a competent speech delivery. Not quite short, not quite fat, he has acquired the appropriate gestures: the carefully cupped hand, the stilly clasped shoulders, the ngly, wagging finger. But he's not a speaker to treat the press, not a man to inform a crowd, not a man to inform a crowd. He's a man to inform a crowd. He's a man to inform a crowd. He's a man to inform a crowd.

But Allan Blakeney is dogged. Utterly reliable public. He has never failed or faltered in public at any time. He's a man to inform a crowd. He's a man to inform a crowd. He's a man to inform a crowd.

CCF Club. In his high school yearbook, he carried his career—lawyer and politician—and flirted both with a Rhodes scholarship won on the basis of a gold medal in law and a commission as a cavalry captain. Blakeney went to Regina as a job in the Saskatchewan civil service. Canada's only socialist government then and when they weren't an opening he waited patiently, carefully spending the year sitting in Edmonton. In 1950, opportunity offered. Blakeney went to Regina as legal adviser to the prominent Crown corporation and established a reputation for intellect that led to his appointment, in 1955, as chairman of the provincial recreation commission. Three years later, he returned to politics, won a seat on the main mission, in 1960, and a post in Tommy Douglas' cabinet.

her. In the next two years, he held education, treasury and health portfolios and by the time he secured Saskatchewan's throne through the Medicare crisis, his reputation for careful competence was unassailable, even though the Liberals won the 1966 election in the aftermath of the doctors' strike.

Woodrow Lloyd, Blakeney's friend and mentor, had by then taken over the reins, but during the party's early years out of power, Blakeney overshadowed Lloyd. When Lloyd stepped down in 1970, Blakeney stepped up and led the rise back to power the next year, when they easily routed seven of 20 seats against the Liberals and Turner's PCs.

"If all as well as a Saskatchewan farm system and if there were doubts, fears and setbacks, you won't hear about them from

1969. She was shocked, and they were married later that year, honeymooning through BC, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Blakeney didn't miss missing a single power dim along the way.

If a new leader is not enough to turn Blakeney away from his business at hand, neither is the vice-premier of China. Interestingly, Saskatchewan's business has been pursued as a means of 35 billion one of the petroleum-based fuelburners are enough to fill current world demand for the next 500 years. In the search for new markets, Blakeney decided China would be a logical buyer. However, on a visit in May, 1976, he found the Chinese unimpressed. They were too busy to request a Chinese petroleu and needed him into lightening. Blakeney, with his usual

wasn't until 1979, he was one of the new wave of western premiers. Alberta premier Peter Lougheed, the year ousted the long-reigning Social Credit. Two years before, Ed Schreyer gave Manitoba its first free government. A year later, Dave Barrett forced the PCs out. All young men, all allied to their western alienation, all aiming for a better new deal for their provinces. But the always successful Blakeney decided to give the expression of a technocrat who preferred efficiency in government to any great commitment to ideals. He was originally on a platform of modernization, with a clearly a nation of modernism in two words. He introduced free dental care for children, almost free prescription drugs, an experimental guaranteed income plan for low-income families, the highest hourly wage in Canada (later edged by several provinces), a land bank that enabled 17,000 new farmers to go into business, postmodern ventures, self new upsties on the oil industry. And still people persisted in thinking of him as moderate middle-of-the-road, reliable. An exceptional administrator, they said, but no ideologue.

It wasn't until 1979 when Blakeney announced his intention to take over the potash industry that it began to dawn that he was a totally dedicated socialist who believes the state can create an egalitarian society that isn't all he'll do to defend itself their competing wants and needs. The explosive reaction was perhaps fueled by a sense of betrayal, this wasn't the man people thought they knew. There was a regularity in the hours of paid telecasts by potash companies and the government, scores of newspaper articles, scores of public meetings, stacks of opinion polls (mostly opposed to the take-over) and months of court battles with the potash companies. An Ontario Equilibrium coup. "It's just so that out in Regina they're scared to stand beside Blakeney in the wilderness. If he was just a good thing going, he'll try to outbalance it."

Blakeney, of course, perceived by this fall, the government owned share of the province's 10 potash mines, was negotiating for another and talking about a government take-over of a non-union industry in Canadian history and it cost \$700 million. It was an astonishing step for a province of 250,000 people and it constituted to some problems, a good deal of the money used to buy the mines—more than \$500 million—was according to a Supreme Court ruling in November, owed to oil companies. The court declared unconstitutional the 1974 legislation under which Saskatchewan was collected an oil royalty surcharge to prevent oil companies from creating "windfall profits" from rapidly rising prices. But that's not the end of the story. Blakeney said his attorney general, Roy Romanow, immediately went to work on new legislation to counter the court decision.



Potash storage in Regina, Sask., enough to hand for the next 3,000 years

The conviction that carry Blakeney through the potash fight have taken him now into the Confederation battle. For years, he has been embroiled in a dispute with Ottawa over resource taxation, which he maintains deprives Saskatchewan of rightful revenues. He seemed almost to welcome the Paris Québec victory in November 1976, remembering that it would make it easier for Saskatchewan to increase its own economic aims. A month later, he met Lévesque at a five-minute conference and did as a slight show face. When politicians in a meeting, he says only that Lévesque "impressed" him. Whatever, Blakeney took to the road to meet the current premier of Canada. In June, he was selling the Canadian Club in Toronto that Canadians must win the hearts and minds of Québec. In February, he was in Ottawa helping to organize an NDP convention on leading the signatories (most in March), he was filing newspaper pages with a Canadian Press interview on Canada's most important national issue. By June, he'd headed Montreal, then backtracked to Ottawa. When the Task Force on National Unity reached Saskatchewan this fall, Blakeney was waving with an exhaustive presentation. His intention, he says, is to define some where fruitful negotiations with Québec might take place. The people of Québec consider it their decision to separate. Blakeney be-

lieves, therefore, a federalist leader must rise to Québec ("For the sake of a name, say Claude Ryan. No, never mind a name"). That leader must convince Québécois that Lévesque cannot give them sovereignty unilaterally, only separation, while a federalist leader can give them a revised Confederation that both Québec and the rest of the country can live with. Blakeney, meantime, is proving the way in the rest of Canada, pinning, pushing, nudging, persuading down linguistic Canadian fronts to make them think. "I am suggesting some things that might be unpopular but because I expect them to rise but to get people thinking about whether they're in the range of things people might be willing to concede." As usual, Blakeney is thorough. Western nationalists are hit with the spectre of left-ist nationalism. Unions are faced with the unappealing prospect of trade unions as a legislative group. Businessmen are told to contemplate the wider use of public enterprise, "several Hydro-Québecs, perhaps." Constitutionalists are handed the notion of particular union for one province. And Blakeney has a answer far just about everyone with his warning that constant wariness that Canada have stumbled into civil war.

The cynical Saskatchewan Press Gallery ponders what's in it for Blakeney. He finds an answer. The other western provinces are studiously avoiding the costly debate, except for Manitoba's Jeff Leach. Lynne who took it on herself to tell Québec that

English Canada doesn't give a damn about their language and cultural anxieties. With the new piece from government in it and Manitoba's failure to appear in Ottawa and Ontario, Blakeney could go national without whispering a word about Québec. He was asked if he refused. Neither a Blakeney denying a question on problems at home. Saskatchewan, through the 1970s, has become less than a place of anything after the most chaotic of the 1960s, unemployment has been the lowest in Canada, if white prices are again falling. Saskatchewan has at least become a have province in some key resource areas and the sale of oil and gas rights has a record \$7.6 million this fall.

One evening in August Saskatchewan made the National CRTC live news with an item on a former banker, a pig farm down the road to a new location, has Blakeney media-watcher for the Reginald Leader Post, traced with a quote from the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission's inquiry "Only Canadians living along the St. Lawrence axis from Québec to Hamilton belong in the news, all other news is considered as news from living in the backwoods, to be national only when they do something picturesque." Allan Blakeney agrees. "In Saskatchewan," he says, "we have grown accustomed to the assumption by people in Ontario and Québec that these two provinces constitute Canada. It does not surprise us to discover participants in the current debate making the same assumption." But this time the Toronto axis has undermined a little bigger called Allan Blakeney. He's no politician, he's not a Canadian front, he has no intention of being re-elected into a place because the East doesn't consider Canada his problem. Blakeney has weighed the problem, calculated the solution and set himself to the task of saving Canada with his usual gritty determination. □



Blakeney with Romanow (left) before the national unity task force over potash. Blakeney's national options were under thinking about.

reluctant lawyer, kept right on pushing potash. When Vice-Premier Ch. Tanguay wanted there was going to be a third world war, Blakeney came away from the meeting subdued, but only because the Chinese weren't quite as interested in potash as he'd hoped his interpreter, a headstrong, military young man, finally cracked. Out a visit to a Shanghai department store. Blakeney usually wore a dark suit was noted about the first four shopping bags open to the public. Deadpan, the interpreter took back. "On the fifth bag I noticed potash."

When Blakeney took over Saskatchewan

A cue for success

Cliff Thorburn and snooker are good for each other By Michael Posner

Once, in a previous incarnation, the rooms had been a dance hall. Complex waltzes and music drifted out of windows and the walls reverberated with the rhythm of the waltz. Later, catering to changing tastes, the partners were covered with peep show pictures and later still into something called the Twenty First Century body suit parlor and cabaret for the present and the peculiar.

Recently there has been a resurrection. The guests' curtains are gone, replaced by rosewood paneling, and the sound of billiard balls clicking on 72 square feet of pool felt fills the room with a certain life.

Twenty-two stories above Toronto's Yonge Street strip, in this room, now known as Cliff Thorburn's Billiard Club, a pool match is in progress. The principal cue, Thorburn himself, a lanky middle-aged young man in blue jeans, and Bernard Macdonald, a lanky middle-aged young man in blue jeans. Macdonald is one of the top five amateur snooker players in the country. Thorburn, a professional, is currently ranked second in the world. All similarities between the two men end there.

At Macdonald's request they are playing pool rather than snooker because pool is a game that Thorburn occasionally loses. The same cannot be said of snooker. Only the very rich or the very dumb play snooker for money with Cliff Thorburn—even when he gives points.

Thorburn frequently gives points. If he did not give points he would have no one to play with, an inevitable position for a professional. As the snooker season is over, he is yielding 30 or 40 points. Thorburn can beat 99% of all the snooker players in Canada. He has been the Canadian champion six times. He has won two editions of the prestigious Australian TV Masters championship. He came within an eyelash of winning the 1977 World Snooker Championship at Sheffield, England, last April—the first Canadian, the first North American, ever to reach the finals. He is cited in the Guinness Book of World Records for having scored 14 perfect games—more than any man in history—by making, alternately, 15 red balls, 15 blacks and all the other colors, without missing a single shot for a maximum of 147 points. (This month, in practice he shot a 145.)

A snooker bag, any run of 100 or more points—a "century break"—is considered an achievement, something to tell the grandchildren. Thorburn records a century almost as often as he can eggs two or three times a week. Frequently, he scores

them back to back. Once he registered seven in a row.

His knowledge of the game—angles, techniques, probabilities—is awesome. He never forgets a shot and rarely if ever chooses the wrong ball to shoot. At playing side or evening being snookered, he is



probably without pen. And that he will win the world championship soon, many soon, scores as certain as flowers that bloom in the spring.

Bernie Macdonald knows this. That is why he is playing pool. Pool is not the same as snooker, not at all. For one thing it is

played on a smaller table which dramatically alters the angles at which the Russian balls rebound from the hard rubber sides. Thorburn is less familiar with these angles. He is therefore more prone to error. Since games are won and lost by a fraction of a millimeter, it is entirely possible that Bernie Macdonald will win. It is equally possible that Bernie Macdonald will be crowned the King of Snooker next week. Not a good bet.

Especially not after Thorburn pots 107 consecutive balls in the first game. No one in the room has ever seen or heard of anyone doing that before. It is the approximate equivalent of sinking 107 consecutive four-foot putts in golf. Thorburn was game on handily.

Game two is tighter. For a time, Macdonald leads. Thorburn is relaxed, commenting on his play as though he were a sports announcer. "One of the most exciting performances ever seen on this table, sports fans," he says affecting the clipped, nasal style of broadcasting. "Of course, the table has been here only three days. Now if he sinks this shot, there will be a ticker tape parade." He means, Macdonald leads 121-116. The first player to sink 150 balls wins.

A man named Farmer offers to split the bet with Thorburn. Anytime, he terms it down. "Why should I split the bet with him? I'm working at the game 16 years. I should split the bet."

Macdonald moves and Thorburn picks up his 540, snooker-to-measure cue, but only a month ago after the previous model was stolen. He is using a laminated wood shaft that is said to vibrate within a centimeter less than the ordinary Canadian white maple wood he uses for snooker. "If you ever forget for the whole game that it's there, then you know you've got a good cue," Thorburn says. "Constrains like." But he prefers the feel of ordinary wood. The luminist, he says, is "too stiff, too rigid."

One would never know it. He tanks one ball, then another. He moves around the table like a jagged walking prey—in a nervous confidence. The eyes, large and luminous, never leave the balls.

Thorburn takes less than 15 seconds between shots. He knows immediately not only which ball he needs to take, but how to strike the cue ball so that it spins or grips or rebounds to a precise point on the nap, leaving him "position" on the next object ball and the one after that. His mind turns to another level, three or four moments from present reality. As in chess, the possible execution of B and C depends on



the fondles execution of A. Min A. leave the cue ball one quarter of an inch beyond where it should be, and the balls would be collages. Recovery may be impossible. No sport asks more finesse.

After every shot, Thorburn chalks his cue, then slides the cube of chalk into his right palm pocket. The motion is quick as a flash. He then takes a deep breath, eyes a shot given as a fall, he is moving again, pacing, thinking. The entire action seems orchestrated for rhythm, choreographed for flow.

Thorburn's striking motion is equally fluid and efficient. Bent low from the waist, eyes at table level, he first seeks the best possible view of "the natural angle" of the balls. When he shoots, his left leg remains rigid; his right hand is at the knee. The fingers of his left hand splay open on the white forming—depending on the shot required—either an oval or a diamond "bridge" with his left thumb, a groove for the cue to slide through. Before he releases, Thorburn brings his chin slowly down until it barely touches the heavy handle of the cue. Then like a letter in the letter's box, he takes his warm-up strokes, raising the cue back and forth through the bridge sense of right notes, carefully adjusting weight and angle, feeling the exact degree of power needed to sink the object ball and the precise amount of follow needed to put the cue ball in position. Thorburn's cue ball control, his ability to place it just where he wants it to go, where it must go, is utterly necessary.

The entire ritual is deliberate and assured, a kind of slow-motion ballet: stroke, stand, chalk, stroke, bend, release, stroke. Stroke, stand, chalk, stroke, bend, release, stroke—over and over, shot after shot, it flows propelled by its own momentum, each movement distinct but contiguous, an elegant fusion of art and science necessary only by the musical clicking of the balls on the table and the swishing thup to they drop into their ordained pockets.

Beryl Mickelson sits in a small alcove watching Thorburn take the second game, then the third. He was 160 for the afternoon.

Clifford Charles Devlin Thorburn got to be one of the world's great snooker players by working very hard at his game. Cliff has been taken more talent to the table, but few have pursued perfection with more discipline. "I'm only 38, but I'm going on 43," he jokes. "I've seen a lot of like I figure I've played 30,000 hours of snooker. That's more I first picked up a cue, which would be September of the year I started 15."

There would have been in Victoria, British Columbia, where Thorburn, son of a very gregarious man, was born, who has spent a significant part of his life and where he grew up on the fringe of delinquency, a miserable snooker bar, an excellent table. He was scoring tables in league against players who are now

professionals. He threw two-hitters in snooker league level. "Was I in there, eh? Like, I didn't have enough to make a shot, I'd take a third putt. Plus, the coordination in my legs was not too hot. I knew when it was over. The thing with snooker was I never went more than a month or two without making some improvement."

Thorburn had single opportunity to improve, his academic career ended early.



"After my second try, a pooler said, 'You're a good shot, but you really didn't put it in.' Well, I went to grade 30 for a couple of weeks and then dropped out. I'll say this though: I was pretty good in math."

Yes, he demonstrated his understanding of geometry on principles on the tables of the late Dave Smith's pool company in Victoria almost daily. "There didn't seem to be a table. After I made a few books, I figured I was pretty hot, eh? So I went to Vancouver to play Arthur Bear. He handed me Bear me home. Feel better,

but I lost my legs. And I started over. But in Victoria, like, there was nobody to measure myself against. I had no idea how good or how bad I was."

So he left. For the next five years, until he was 23, Thorburn thrived, banded and trained his way across the continent about 15 times. "I think I played in every pool hall in Canada." He'd go to Calgary, take a room in a boardinghouse and stay until he beat the best player in town. Then he'd set out for Regina, then on to Winnipeg, then Sudbury. He worked. He listened. He lost. He won. He played. "It was like going to school."

He played everybody—gamblers, businessmen, kids, huns—all comers. He played for a dollar and he played (when he had it) for 1,000. He played hot and he played cold. He played from early in the morning to early in the morning and when he wasn't playing the game, he talked it. Talked to men who had seen a lot of snooker. "Now, Cliff," they told him, "you've got a damn good left hand, Cliff, listen. You gotta go to Toronto to watch George Chenier. Ain't nobody can shoot like George Chenier. You could learn a lot watching him."

Chenier had been the North American champion for 22 consecutive years (1948-70). What Thorburn learned by watching the master was that his own game needed more work. He went back to Vancouver and started over. By the time he felt ready to play Chenier, the champion was already an old man. "We played at the Golden Mile and I managed to win. I felt terrific at first. But from Victoria beats North American champion, eh? The next morning I woke up I felt terrible. Chenier was sick. Dying, like. He couldn't play his game. Looking him was almost impossible. But I was 21 or 22 and I was obvious in anything like that."

Chenier said of Thorburn afterward: "I don't know where that boy learned to shoot like that. God knows there was nobody in Victoria to teach him." Other high-ranked snooker players were also impressed. "You could see Cliff had it even then," recalls former Canadian champion Paul Thorneley. "Not only the talent, but the desire. The desire to always play his best. If he could run 50 points, hell, he'd run 80 points. He wasn't trying to lose it. He never missed on a shot. That's the only way to be world champion."

In fact, Thorburn did handle accurately, but only on an absolute accuracy. For the most part, he gambled. Once, in Thunder Bay, down on his last \$30, he needed to sink a single, simple shot for victory. He missed. He did not let the cue ball hand enough. "You don't get any better pre-seeing you can't play," he says. "But gambling with your last snooker teaches you not to miss."

Beckie, Thorburn gambled with money he did not have, double or nothing until he won. "I felt like quitting a thousand times. You're playing badly and you don't under-



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stand why. But I was always able, eventually, to figure out why I have a good hand for the game: quick to make decisions and consistent with myself. I knew when I lined up to shoot I was playing the right shot. And I never thought I was better than I was."

For three months in the summer of 1966, Cliff Thorburn was an apprentice lithographer. For a day and a half in 1970, he peddled tobacco in southwestern Ontario. He quit the first job because he did not like being covered with gold dust and he was fired from the second after he failed to turn up one afternoon and was found on the local pool hall. These are the only jobs he has ever held.

For more than a decade, he earned his living from insolent, no-nonsense, confrontational lessons, pumeling the did not power. He quailed by thousands but slept on abandoned cars, and once lived on fruit-cake for three days. Everywhere he played, he sported a flashy purple jump suit and what tailcoat women "I could never understand why I was getting so much action. People looked at me and thought I was a metro."

Suzanne earned Therborn's standard of living, meaningly. He now pays \$15 for a haircut. He has traded public transit for a 1976 Ford Granada Gbi. His current life cost is a handsome, left-hand leather seat that costs for \$50. He owns eight \$150 three-piece suits from Toronto's celebrity designer. He has a 1976 Ford Mustang, which is a comfortable two-business apartment, earns \$200 a week just for lending his name to two Toronto pool rooms and in Canada alone performs up to 100 shows a year in billed India, universities and private clubs. The going rate for an evening of Therborn's wondrous on air is \$250. He subscribes to *Sport Illustrated*, sends a lot of paperback thrillers usually by Lawrence Sanders, and has a few books by Leonard Cohen. He has been known to be known. Montreal Canadians on his color television are shocked and awestruck.

Sail, things might be better than they are. As a sport, snooker is virtually unrecognized in Canada and many people believe that poolrooms are breeding grounds for society's vermin. This perception is unfair. Veterans may, from time to time, be found in the nation's billiard parlors, but they are bred elsewhere. Besides, some very fine outstanding citizens have (from time to time) passed a pleasant hour or two in the company of a cue. Yet the myths linger and the game suffers.

Oh, so be it England, where spirit(ist) is the genre of gentlemen. Theobald's name is practically a household name overseas. People stop here on the street to ask for autographs. When he visits London's crank Sportsman's Club, his name goes up on the celebrity board. Two former world champions, Joe and Fred Davis, have even been awarded quips for—in effect—their not being overseas.

There is also more money shared in

Australian snooker former world champion, Eddie Charlton, recently signed a \$1.4 million contract with a Indian firm. Most Break pool goes \$60,000 to \$70,000 annually. Cliff Thorburn's Canadian income from sponsorships is about \$75,000.

Part of the problem is Soccer Canada, an organizing body that is itself disorganized. Tied by winning facilities, it spends too much time activating people of



not doing enough for the game. Thorburn himself, acknowledged as the best thing that's happened to soccer in more than a decade, has even been an occasional target

Thurber's friend John Guden, elected secretary of Soccer Canada in a recent shake-up, is even more incensed at the shoddy treatment. Thurber has accused

"Foodies eaters are the most ignorant breed of people you could meet," Ostle says. "I've gone to pool halls and said, 'How would you like Cliff Thorburn to come up and play an exhibition?' And the owners say to me, 'What if? I've got people here who are almost as good. Why wouldn't you pay Thorburn \$500 to play here?'" In fact, Cliff's 500 bucks. A good gambler can cut you that. And here's Cliff, who's lost 40 points better than anybody in the world. "You see, they're maybe the best in the world who's a sure bet to bring in business, and they're not aware who are almost as good."

"Well, at the Olympia [another Vancouver pool hall] they even make him pay for his table. Can you believe it? CHE Thorburn. It's like having Jimmy Connors come to your local tennis club and charging him for court time."

Tournament prize money is another problem. Earning on the tournament margin of professional sport, snooker has never attracted support from big-league sponsors. Thornton collected \$1,750 for his last Canadian championship, comparable British and Australian events yield \$1,000. "So the organizers say to me, 'Sure you want a \$3,000 first prize, Cliff? You always win.' Well, what am I supposed to do? Wasn't that somebody's somebody's better shot?"

"I'm thinking of a big puzzle even playing the throne. Any guy could come up and beat me. It's happened before. And like suddenly Johnny Fremont from *Revenge* in *Manitoba*, is the Canadian snooker champion and Cliff Thorburn is now here. Same could make \$500,000 a year if I went to England, but I can't do the game much good over here if I'm there. So I think it's important that I make a good living. Because if that, then the game is going to end where it began — Eddy Charles says for \$1.5 million and I'm paying for it in table at the Olympia. Like, sometimes depression."

A teenage Cliff Thorburn starts three ambitions in life: to quit smoking, to win the world championship of snooker and to halve the par's on his course in Canada. Two months ago he gave up smoking. "It was something I'd accepted that I had to do." In partnership with Terry Hall, dock, president of Snooker Canada, Thorburn runs two of the finest poolrooms in the country. More than that, he is a humble, the par's best diplomat, as polished, as sure, likable and unassuming a champion as one will find.

There is no main the world championship for which he has already started training. "What I've learned lately is that everything comes in good time. I was very anxious before. I wanted to be at the top before was ready to be there. Now, I'm ready. Somebody is going to have to play awful well to beat me. I want to play because

and be as hard as rock. I want to look good and play the right shot. But more than anything, I want to win." Nobody who he should bet against him? ☺

The World

Letting slip the dogs of peace

A New Year of optimism in the Middle East—or a return to the cold comfort of the 30-year war? That question was still unanswered as Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin's staff took the "Washington" label off last supper in the run-up to Christmas and began substituting others indicating a new dominant—Israelis. For even if Begin and Egypt's President Anwar Sadat composed their differences, that nonetheless left Syria and Palestinian's obstinate movements concerned to a new, unaccommodated

Begin and Carter: unmaking the Jordan

The others—principally Syria, Jordan and Lebanon—would eventually follow in however reluctant a manner. But no one was out

There was excitement, too, about what exactly Begin was proposing. The bogymen backed by Begin's own party words in Washington, were that he was prepared to give up all the Sinai peninsula

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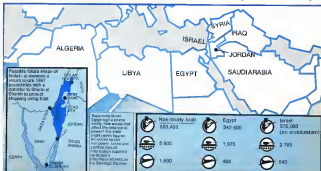
so was toward Jordan's. But convincing the Syrians took what would be support. Yet even if Sa-

Moerwilde at Carr's end of the Beirut embargo.

possibly, a certain strategic Shamiyah at the mouth of Gulf of Aqaba. Israeli sink last map below left as a first step in the Palestinian "rule" in the Dead and West Bank while retaining a "pragmatic" presence. He was also prepared to make a deal concerning the Golan Heights, on the Syrian

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of an act of mercy. It was quite clear that nothing was going to happen there until Reagan and Carter had finished their business. The five seats left empty for Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, the Palestinians and the Soviet Union, and the rapid dismissal of Israeli negotiator, Dr. Eliahu Ben-Ezra and his Egyptian colleague Ahmed El-Masri added to the impression that wherever the action was it was not in Cairo—for the moment, anyway.

Finally, therefore, seated on Secretary of State Vance's perch was the Israeli ambassador to the meeting. Arab countries (and to Saudi Arabia, where he has been made it clear they wanted to see what was in the Israelis' minds before climbing down from the fence) and to some extent, quantity of protest.

Outside the portals of the Meza House the conference hosts had raised the flag of Israel alongside the red, black and green of the PLO's "Liberation Organization." The Israelis, in randomly positioned in the Egyptian delegation, who replied that it had nothing to do with them. So Ben-Ezra wrote a strong note to the manager of the hotel. The flags and the flagpoles were immediately removed.

On the streets of the Egyptian capital, however, expectation was only enhanced by the news of what was going on in Washington. The will for peace was palpable. Ordinary Egyptians spoke wistfully of the Arab stay-aways and particularly the withdrawal of the Palestinians. "There will be no peace for our economy," said one Cairene. "If only we did not have to spend all the money on defense." Foreign investors are not convinced that it would be quite so simple. But even the most casual observer can see the desperate need. On the drive down the six-lane highway from the airport, the roadside changes in scenery from the opulent villas and apartment blocks of the rich to the kind of mud brick compounds that would spill refugee camps in Gissa or on either bank of the Nile.

Back at the Meza House, however, the atmosphere is still that of empire (Dahab style). The life guards at the swimming pool look like cricketers in their white flannels and sweaters. There is every bit of the And the Israeli delegation is joined in by 400 armed soldiers.

WILLIAM LUTHER in Washington
ERIC SILVERSTEIN in Cairo

POLAND

A taste of the Good Life

When the Carter envoy came there through the streets of Warsaw in the dying days of 1977, the U.S. President, if he can see past the bridge of Secret Service men guarding him, is unlikely to be shocked. He'll glimpse well-to-do and sleeked Polish windows, well-dressed people armed with fur hats, made cash and leather boots against the winter cold, and suddenly long-



Streets in downtown Warsaw—a far from a tavern but a cafeteria there—and Gorbunov with Pope Paul the second. Even the Gorbunov was now the Soviet Union.



of food generally found meat (in particular by 45%) the political vegetarianism has been high. There was an immediate violent response after the price increases which forced the government to shut down. Thanks to the jailing of some of the rioters and first, in turn, led to a wave of protests culminating in the formation of something like the Catholic Church's Center 77 movement.

The last of the protesters are now out of jail, but most are still weary and there's a short-tempered quiet outside every brother's shop. So the government is having to fight hard to keep the people on the socialist straight and narrow. Several laws

have been adopted recently to lower political tension among conservatives and prepare the ground for the next year when it is inevitable that the next future party conference must in January to vote the next five-year plan.

One piece of legislation, aimed at encouraging farmers to produce more, relaxes the rules against mechanization, a new law enables Poles to lease a shop from the state and run it at a profit. Yet another new law permits owners to invest in their home country by leasing a shop or starting a "boutique." It does not sound a wildly exciting financial proposition, but it is a way for them to take their money back home and it promises to be a rich source of foreign currency as well as lighting further Poland's ties with the West.

But the most dramatic recent development is the recognition by the government of the role of the Catholic church and plays a Poland's everyday life. Gorbunov's December meeting with the Pope was a moment in history which set the Vatican's seal on a true emergence of conservatism. So long as the Catholics are a political force, Gorbunov can use the church to keep the lid on discontent at home and to help him resist the more extreme demands of the Communist Party to undermine its role in society.

But some would say the deal depends too heavily on the presence of the craggy Cardinal Stefan Wyszyński to play his 75 bishops and, through them, the vast majority of Poles firmly along the road to salvation away from the devil to the east. Jailed for three years in the bad old Stalinist days, Wyszyński emerged to lead his flock through a brief honeymoon with the state in the late 1950s and another period of fiery rebuffs during the reign of Gorbunov's predecessor, Wladyslaw Golasinski, as much a prisoner as the church.

Wyszyński's relations with Gorbunov, a working-class pragmatist, are much more relaxed. But the cardinal, at 76, is failing in health, already has had one extension of his office from the Vatican and has an obvious weakness. As one leading Catholic editor put it: "Our bishops are excellent soldiers, but what will happen when the commander dies?" This is a question to which President Janey Carter, in her view, will be most anxious to get an unequivocal answer.

THE US

The evidence be damned!

Almost everyone seems here, exactly what he was doing when the news first broke about the murder of President John F. Kennedy.

And from the very start, it seems, most people believed it was some mysterious "they," was one determined, crazy individual, who "went" responsible, and despite the fact that almost all the evidence almost all the time, has pointed to Lee

Harvey Oswald as the lone assassin. Many people still believe, 14 years later, that there was a conspiracy.

What is why America would so eagerly snuff this myth when armed guards loaded 12 million words, weighing nearly half a ton, onto a truck and rolled them to the killing dock of that immense community called the J. Edgar Hoover FBI headquarters building. It was there, approximately enough in the basement, that you could buy for \$4,000 10 all 40,000 photocopied pages of memoirs, interviews, reports

JFK, Jackie and Texas Governor John Connally just before the assassination, and (bottom) Jack Ruby about to kill Oswald. A myth that can't take no for an answer



and comments that resulted from the bureau's first six months of investigation into the Kennedy killing. Those who couldn't afford a personal set—376 in total volume of raw data picked up 12 big cardboard boxes—could wait in line to view one first as a cramped little reading room on the ground floor.

There were more words than from many people in all a lifetime enough to fill almost 16 billion—a jumbled, unnumbered, unindexed haystack of documents which you might contain a needle, in the form of a clue to the killing, something that the authorities had been hiding from the world since Kennedy was shot in the back of the head as he rode in a motorcade through the streets of Dallas.



Honing a peace for The Rock

If it takes miles long, less than a mile wide and as barren as a lunar eclipse. Yet the Rock of Gibraltar has long embraced a powerful romance and strategy, put in the mind of man. An almost impenetrable sentinel of the mouth of the Mediterranean. It was coveted by the Romans, Moors and Spanish before the British (with a little help from the Dutch, where they later defected) took it in 1704. Since then a vital lookout post allowed the trade routes to the East, it has defiantly withstood all attempts to wrest it from British hands—including a four-year siege by the French and Spanish in the late 18th century—and has grown love and protection to Allied troops in two world wars. In 1977 it still stands a monument to naval power and imperial intolerance. But not for much longer: Gibraltar is about to fall—to sweet reason.

For the past eight years its 20,000 inhabitants, most of whom are as fervently pro-British as their chief minister, Sir Joshua Hassan, have been virtually ignored by a Spanish government in their 2.2 square-mile home. By an act of Spain's former dictator, General Franco, who sought to give Britain an inch in giving up his possession, almost all communication along the narrow isthmus which connects the Rock to the mainland has ceased. Workers on both sides of the frontier have lost their jobs and divided families have been reduced to reading their news to each other across 70 yards of no-man's-land in melancholy border "meetings." It has been a thoroughly uncomfortable time for all concerned, for the Gibraltar British and the Spanish governments, far the British, who have had to



An uprising replacing the Spanish siege of Gibraltar in 1782: rule British

support their defiance (it would have been political suicide for a British government to have given way to Spanish pressure) and for the Spanish who, for all they want Gibraltar back, also want good relations with the British.

The key factor has been the traditional obduracy of the inhabitants of the Rock—in a 1967 referendum 12,133 out of 12,702 voters opted to stay British, only 4.6 voted to return Spain. But this opposition to seceding in face of brutal British persuasion, the seamstress and straightforward circumstances caused by the Spanish blockade, and the more diplomatic overtures of Spain's newly democratized government, which wants British support for its application to join the European Community.

Continuous conflict between London and Madrid has a strain—admirable in its timing between Sir Joshua Hassan's resignation and David Owen and his Span-

ish exodus number. Marcelino Oreja has produced a solution where the gesture from Spain could lead rapidly to a settlement. That may well come this October when, as well as restoring telephone links as in previous years, Spain may also accept the borders.

Once the business case down they will almost certainly say down. The three men are due to meet again early in the New Year and Madrid, which is giving autonomy to several of its regions, may offer a similar status to the Rock. That would leave the green of the Rock-mountain and its 2,000 servicemen (whose inspectors once broke the cancer of David Owen's father—he was recalled for being too severe in putting down drunkenness among the troops). But there should be no difficulty about from their mark back to monitor the passage of power shopping (it was and there seems no reason why they should not continue to fulfil a unit Spain that organization). So, then, live the Rock a romantic peak. They also will trade easily. **BARBARA HARRIS MORTIMER**

The Warren Commission suit for 200 months. Finally publishing 26 volumes of inquiry. But beyond that, as a study has quickly indicated. In 1964 the Warren panel found that 45% of Americans who left their were assassinated. In 1967 just three years later 44% of the population indicated it did. And a Gallup poll taken this year reported that 85% of the people do not believe that Oswald acted alone.

Indeed, there are some remarkably accurate coincidences in the case. Within 39 months of Oswald killing Kennedy and simply 60 months after Ruby killing Oswald and then drug himself. 15 months later a man was also shot by a custom in a matter of murder accident and natural cause. The London Sunday Times employed a mathematician to calculate that the chance of this happening was 900,000 million to one. It was the last of 11 people to be shot with the events of November 23, 1963 have died in "accidental" circumstances. But there was nothing in the fact files to

clear this up or to link answers to other defining questions. Did Ruby know Oswald before the crime? Was there a second gunman firing at the President (was a different bullet)? Did the CIA, the Mafia, the Cubans, put Oswald up to it?

Perhaps the most striking, certainly the most chilling information in the files concerned the personalities of Oswald and Ruby. Both were Jewish, both looking for recognition. You cannot help but think of James Earl Ray, the minister of Martin Luther King Jr. and Arthur Bremer who tried to assassinate Governor George C. Wallace. All four are remarkably similar and there are lots of others, just like them walking around.

It may be this psychiatrist speculate that drives the world toward a conspiracy theory. People would rather believe in the existence of a gang of foreign phantoms in a sinister, political web. They would rather be able to admit that a twisted little nobody had the power to hurt two other lives with a small order file. **WILLIAM KOTTE**

People



Tradition deliver her from evil

There is a young (25) Ottawa man named David Bernick who is attempting to call it on Margaret Trudeau for the first few months he has been attempting to dig what he says is her personal diary. Thus far he has met with no success, even the no-nonsense and spunky *New York Times* having turned him down 16 times. He knows what payment he sought from the *New York Times* but the London Daily Mail asked for \$10,000 and was again rebuffed. Bernick, who describes himself as a freelance travel writer, claims to have gained access to 26 boxes of letters that the Traducons sent away in June of 1978. In a broadcast he found—remember, this is how he's telling it—a two-volume exercise book with Margaret Trudeau's handwritten diary in it, along with an alleged "love letter." He spent the night copying out both, but did nothing with his find until the Traducons split this year. Then he went to publishing.

William Kotite was not exactly an observer and unseeing artist in his lifetime, in the past few years especially his work has been intensely popular. It is original

profit or book form. But since his death in early November that popularity has begun to dwindle. His exclusive dealer, *Aurum* House of Toronto, quickly gave a freeze on the sale of originals, they ranged in value between \$300 and \$10,000 each, and those prices are expected to have already doubled as the three new owners of *Aurum* House intend to hold back, releasing only a few paintings each year. Judging by the sudden silence for Kotite's limited edition reproductions, which have jumped in value from \$25 to \$500 since his death, "dwelling" may be an understatement.

Since Kotite's death on the way to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, place to represent Kotite's Canada and The Last of the Mohicans in February and the *Four Seasons* series. Traducons books is about to be published in five European languages. Finally at least for the moment a Kotite showing will take place in the Canada House Gallery in London in January.

It does seem as if the Royal Family has been hanging around Ottawa and on for a while. But if the University of Western Ontario wants to have Prince Charles open for its honorary degree, well why not? The federal government is why not. About 16 months ago the university sent an invitation through Ottawa to the prince to attend

Prince Charles perhaps some other time



next year's convocation, which marks Western's age 100 anniversary. Western based nothing, but presumed that their request was in good hands; finally, however, the invitation had to be withdrawn as time was running out for preparation. Did Charles say no? Actually, he may never have been given the chance. Patrick Gosselin, speaking for the Prince Consort's Office, balks the request was "probably" passed on—meaning it might not have been. Besides, he said, Ottawa's policy is to spread the royalty around a bit and Ottawa has had 40 royal visits in the past 25 years.

The social concern of Barry Trudeau is concerned in his Pulitzer Prize-winning comic strip *Donkeyman*, but not only captured the public imagination but the corporate imagination as well. The Exxon Education Foundation has provided a \$100,000 grant for a *Junior Caesar* law scholarship program at the University of California at Berkeley. Commemorative, the donkey farmer because who ran away from home and who eventually graduated from



Caution with Redfern: a credit to her own

Berkeley's law school this year (Trudeau acquired her degree) is now Irving with boyfriend *Russ Redfern*, a reporter for *The Washington Post*, and working to an aide to Representative *Leslie DeLoach*. The Exxon Young Caesar Awards will provide \$10,000 scholarships to 30 or 12 women a year, they must be over 30 and working in a law-related field.

The pipeline issue isn't dead. It's only sleeping—and not too soundly

Business column by Peter Brimelow

Like a corpse clanking out of its coffin, the pipeline issue is on the move again. Most of Ottawa thought it had been safely buried every day this summer when the government confirmed the consensus of politicians and press and supported the Football's push to move down the Alaska Highway and shut the northern Yukon-Mackenzie Valley proposal of the rival Canadian Arctic Gas consortium. But now there are leaks from New York that the big U.S. financial institutions which will be expected to put up most of the money for the project are wavering. They may insist that their investment be protected by some sort of government guarantee. Both Ottawa and Washington have already rejected that idea. But with Canada's unemployment rate soaring above 15 this winter, and as election hunking up the wings, it is believed in New York that the Liberts will capitulate rather than let yet another policy go down to public humiliation.

The Football's pipeline has problems enough already. A line connecting inside is underway in the size of pipe to be used, with one option likely in effect to dis-

count seawater to U/S steel mills which are better equipped to supply them. The required legislation has not yet passed through the House of Commons, and both opposition parties are happily placing obstacles in unopposed resolutions on the Canadian content issue which could delay its passage until well into 1978.

But finance promises to be the highest hurdle. An estimate of \$1.5 billion for the pipeline will be the largest construction project ever undertaken (and the company that owns it will, at any time, Canada's biggest in total assets). The money will have to be borrowed from the largest U.S. pools of capital, mostly insurance companies. Even for them, it will represent an investment too substantial to take risks with, if they are to meet their obligations to their policy holders. Yet the Football's risk is fairly calculable. The very lack of detailed planning, which enabled the project to avoid the fatal mistake the Mackenzie Valley proposal underwent, makes it a

Blair he accomplished the impossible most new oil he has to do to repeat

more costly impossible to equate with confidence. It's an unpleasant gamble for the Canadian investors. Significantly, two of the most important New York Life and Metropolitan life held out for the last moment during the issue-Alaska financing (forcing its postponement). Other major lenders are said to be feeling the same way now. A reassuring word from a commitment would steady the ranks. Bob Blair, the chairman of the Canadian Football and of Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd. did not refuse the financial establishment and in U.S. after withdrawal of a lot of money. His main claim is Robert Pearce, who is in charge of financing the Canadian section of the pipeline, very honestly that the pipeline can be financed privately. "It may be true in a negative sense," says Blair. "It may be true in a negative sense. When we (Alberta Gas Trunk) started our petrochemical project in Alberta, everyone said we couldn't do it. Every project in Canada of any size almost has a stigma of people saying it can't be done." He is right. But Pearce also says "a number of things have to be done" before financial arrangements can be made. These things—setting gas prices, choosing pipe size, passing legislation—are so fundamental that no other advance but assurance that the pipeline can be financed privately is one of will make it true fact.

Some U.S. observers believe that Jimmy Carter's determination not to guarantee the Football's project, for obscure populist reasons, is shakable. They speculate that if the Canadian government is compelled to backstop the pipeline for the economic stimulation it will bring, the Mackenzie Valley issue might be resurrected. It was not only cheaper, but brought direct benefits to Canada by offering access to the Mackenzie Delta reserves, exploration of which has been exposing some hopes of early extraction were dashed.

Canadian Arctic Gas openly told it would need government guarantees. Some of its better supporters claim that Football's announcement was just a temporary selling ploy. This assumes a high degree of insight on the part of investors and officials. In its case, however, that a company such as Blair's Alberta Gas Trunk is a questionable example of the political entrepreneurship that government regulation of business inevitably produces, such a course is likely to behave very differently from the managers and financiers who designed the Mackenzie Valley line bound up to more economic logic. It will be no great surprise if political logic produces a reversal of Blair's no-guarantee position.

Sports

And if we lose? Well, there's always next century

The upcoming Canadian-American college football match might be seen by some as the longest game delay in sports history. To be precise, 43 years, seven months and three weeks. It was back on May 15, 1934, that McGill and Harvard played to a 0-0 tie, and there hasn't been a cross-border college football match to settle things since.

All that attention is to be put made on January 8, though, when all-star teams from both countries meet in the first Can-Am Bowl in Tampa, Florida. The game—which will be televised nationally by the

Bruce Stewart and Lubbeth (right) say a new Canada's better to not all attack



CBC—is the brainchild of its private sports promoter Talcott (Tut) Hollinger and is untraded, in Hollinger's own words. "To prove that (the Canadian game) has made a major advance in skills and tactics, and the American game has since that first remarkable series."

It stands less as a promotional item, but even the most passionate patriot would be hard pressed to compare the state of Canadian football favorably with the Americans'. Even the top professionals in the Canadian Football League would reserve only part way up to their counterparts in the National Football League, and that only because the better players are American good ones.

What makes it even a mild challenge is that Canada is very definitely sending as best college players, while the Americans will deliver up a make-do squad of second-level college players. And, the game will be played mostly under Canadian rules (23 downs, 12 plays).

The 32-member Canadian all-star team—composed of players of the caliber of the University of Western Ontario's passing-running duo, Isaac Bruce and Craig Lubbeth—has had a full playoff ready for two months. Head coach will be Darrell Rowley of Western, who has proved himself adequately with two consecutive Canadian College Bowl victories. And though Stewart takes no say, "I don't like to think that we're going down there to prove something," he's very kind doubt, that someone—very possibly Rowley's tragicomic-sounding Minister of Fitness and Amateur Sport—is taking it very seriously. "There is a lot of pressure at stake," says Bob Pugh, the executive director of the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union (CIAU). "And, yes there is some pressure to produce."

But there is more, apparently, on the cooly Americans. With less than a month to go before kickoff, the executive director of the Can-Am Bowl was saying, "We just began to get things into place." There was no play book only six players had been confirmed and no coach had been named. The head coach position was offered to Johnny Uvink, George Blundie and Earl Merritt, but none was engaged in the end they went with Jack Zely, an American who was once an assistant coach with the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Canadian Football League.

What then, was the real reason behind it all? Well, to begin with, though the bowl has been touted by Tut Hollinger as "a showcase for a budding sports career," it is likely to serve the Americans better than any Canadian who has dreams of making the pros. Every CFL team should be there, looking in at the good Canadians than at the good Americans who aren't quite good enough. The idea of a reason—and the one that matters most in the end—is that the Can-Am Bowl means another chance for Hollinger's Sports Spectaculars Inc. His Lantz American Bowl which once annually paired the northern and southern U.S. college all-stars against each other, faded limply when too many of the top players had commitments to other, far more important college bowl games. Hollinger is counting on the Can-Am Bowl to become a megabuck money-maker.

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Blair he accomplished the impossible most new oil he has to do to repeat

Some day they'll retire Gordie Howe's sweater—if, of course, he takes it off

Sports column by Martin O'Malley

One of the important features of professional sport is the faith of the crowd. For hockey and basketball, which is what professional sport is all about—after money—the crowd number probably exceeds even that other heraldic item: the record number. Mike Roth set a record when he smashed his 74th homer, but imagine the hoopla and hubbub if he'd smashed 999 and the world waited for the 1,000th.

In professional hockey thousands regularly fill the spectacle of Gordie Howe feverishly pursuing his 1,000th major-league goal. Leading a parade of television cameras and tape recorders and typewriters to arenas in such unlikely places as Hartford, Connecticut, and Indianapolis, Indiana. For a while, there was even the chance of a double-whammy record number should the great Howe score his 1,000th in his 1,000th regular-season game. (He didn't. When he got



Howe says Red Wings in 1947 (above) and 20 years later in 1967 (below), with sons Mark (left) and Marty on the right of Gordie. 1,000th age shall not wither him



the goal December 7, he was appearing in only his 1,000th game.)

There are many hockey stadiums who seef at any suggestion that with goals are to key some "major-league." But, no matter, whether it's 1,000 or 10,000 goals, everyone agrees that Howe is the greatest player who ever lived—and if they don't agree, they should.

Which brings us to another record number that probably will bring out the cameras and tape recorders and typewriters again, the record number that comes in

March 31, 1976, when Howe celebrates his 50th birthday. He probably will celebrate a son's celebration all the others, by scoring more goals.

It's incredible that a man of 50 should still be playing what is supposed to be the fastest, toughest game in the world. Roth retired from baseball at 40. Phil Ivey scored at 37. Jean Beliveau and Maurice Richard both retired from hockey at 38. But Howe goes on and on.

It's not as if he plays some Cagney Mel-quissed game, shying from the contact

relying on speed and finesse. He is of the generation that daunted the now accepted protection of helmets and he never was one to skate from a fight. After he was nearly killed from a check into the boards by Ted Kennedy of Toronto Maple Leafs—a skull operation saved his life—he returned as one who knows it is better to give than to receive, that attacking is best administered quickly and decisively. With Lee Fehrmann of New York Rangers he participated in what many regard as the greatest hockey fight in the history of the sport. Fehrmann was the terror of the league then, attacking everyone, pulverizing even the mighty Rodger Astlund, but Howe destroyed him in that fight. He broke his nose, splattered Fehrmann's blood over his face and jersey, and Fehrmann never was as terrifying again.

Howe played 25 seasons with Detroit Red Wings, then retired in 1971 with records in most goals (764), most assists (1,023), most points (1,809), most games (1,687) and most penalty minutes (1,643). He was 43 when he retired and he surrounded the hockey world when, at 45, he came back to play with sons Mark and Marty with Houston Aeros of the WHA. An article in *The New York Times Magazine* remarked: "That Gordie Howe should be back playing this hectic game at this impossible age strikes me as a hard-fact miracle, a transgression." To surround the hockey world even more, Howe that season scored 33 goals and 68 assists for 100 points, third best in the WHA.

He is usually referred to in *The Institute*, *The Great One* and *The Legend* by headline writers. Dr. Gerry Wilson, team doctor for Winnipeg Jets, says Howe is "the most efficient hockey player I've ever watched. He's not in extraordinary shape for a 50-year-old, he's not a person, but he has tremendous determination and single-mindedness as a hockey player. He never wastes a move." Howe's explanation for his endurance is that he loves the game, an explanation that would be a cliché from most other stars. Dr. Wilson of the Jets is convinced it's the only thing that can explain Howe's performance. "We talked to him about it when he's played in Winnipeg and he says he doesn't know."

All these seasons, all those goals, the arena in Connecticut and Indiana, and the 30-plus victories in his 500. What glorious reason to tell your grandchildren. Also, Mr. Howe's not old enough for it. He was't become a grandfather until some time in April. Right in the middle of the play-offs.

Cities

Taking the bulldozer out of downtown planning

Century-old stores stood vacant and signs in windows dimmed. "We're moving to the Little Caesars Mall." Six years ago the ruins of Old, Ontario, a 160-year-old mall town 65 miles west of Toronto, were becoming nervous. Their downtown was dying and there was nothing they could do about it. The new 30-story mall was the latest in a series of plans and sprawling chain stores that were growing up around the city center slowly suffocating it. "They were really taking business away from us," says Robert McKelbach, 56, who manages a Main Street department founded by his father in 1892. "We were really losing it." It looked as if the traditional core of the community soon would be abandoned to the weekend's bell. It was happening in cities right across the country. It seemed inevitable.

Yet, Glauco-erled Cambridge (population 12,000) seems to have found a way.



Protest and Hesperia in 1973—may survive the threat of suburbanization. That city, says Toronto architect Burton Myers, has been one of the few to take measures to reverse the drain—and not a moment too soon. "So much growth is happening so fast these days," he says, "that right now is the critical moment for many communities." Toronto architect Donald Chilton agrees. He says Cambridge is a great step ahead of a movement to revitalize downtown that "has really taken off in the past two years." The problem is most cities have taken off in the wrong direction. Changes are coming fast in downtown areas with flowers and busy shopping or revive excessive use of the bulldozer. "They're not thinking in long-range con-

Main Street, Calif., since 1970 and now in 20 years plan to slowly grow without destroying the heritage of a century



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terms," says Chason. "They tend to focus on one development at a time and lose sight of overall effects. They just aren't good enough."

Cambridge has gone much further. In August, city council hired Barton Myers Associates, a Toronto architecture and planning firm, and Woods, Gordon & Co., economic analysts, to draw up a 20-year downtown development plan. The goal: to find out how to attract and accommodate downtown growth without losing century-old buildings to the bulldozer. Chason, who worked on the project, says the plan is a model other cities would be wise to follow. He points out that the people of Cambridge have been fortunate to avoid the prevalent growth-at-all-costs attitude. When the city was amalgamated in 1973 it was forced to look ahead because there was no one just waiting to work. A heritage society, historic sites and general plans were made. Says downtown planning chief Wally: "We decided to build on our unique assets rather than destroy them." Club was to become the main downtown and the other centers would become commercial shopping areas.

The new 20-year plan, which goes before city council for approval early in 1978, is much more comprehensive. After making detailed projections on population growth and physical and economic requirements, the plan specifies where and how development should take place. It concludes that there already is more than enough retail space downtown to handle 20 years' growth—if only the space is used imaginatively. Myers says there is little need for downtown high-rise projects if the buildings can be "replaced"—that is, used as they are or renovated. According to Wally, low-rise office and apartment buildings can be built on existing empty spaces such as railway lots, vacant land and backyards. The new plan, which takes into full account a patchwork mixture of old and new, which, says Myers, is less expensive than monotonous high-rises. The study even offers a solution to the pressing problem of flooding: the Grand River locks through levees and wastewater pumping into all new structures one story and parking lots beneath them.

Although the surge of activity is impressive, some feel the old city center is not yet restored. The plan must first get approval from Cambridge city council, and city council are anxiously awaiting anything that interferes with making fast money. "It is strictly an uphill battle," says city planning commissioner Sally Thorne. But council may find it hard to go back to myopic decision-making. Myers, for one, says he won't be moved. "As long as I'm here," he declares, "the building firm won't be here down." Adds Chason: "Here at last is a plan that's at least trying to be comprehensive and long range. It's wild that other cities try something similar." —JOHN C. LACROIX

Behavior

The Magus

If Claude Lévi-Strauss is right, our perceptions of the world we live in will be profoundly altered. The disassembled French scholar, a kind of intellectual troubadour and prophet, slates through the traditional walls of knowledge, using myth as weapons and insight as leverage. If he is right, we will come to understand the very nature of the human mind. We will know its potential and its limits. We will discover the precise shape of human consciousness. We will learn, at last, if man is inherently good or evil, or neither, or both. If Claude Lévi-Strauss is right.

In past years, the prestigious Massey Lectures on CBC's two radio series, *Files*, have presented such eminent thinkers as R. D. Laing, Northing Frye and Paul Goodman. This year Lévi-Strauss, a interdisciplinary structural anthropologist, addresses the nation after 3 p.m. every weekday between Christmas and New Year. Under the general topic Myth and Meaning, he discusses the nature and the range of myth and science in the latter part of the 20th century, the relationship between "primitive" and "modern" man, and the expansion of myth in our age. He speaks to knowledge. "Order," he declares, "is the fundamental need of the human mind. And in all cases, the problem is the same: the relationship between reason and sense perception." He believes there are fundamental and universal properties that go deeper than the surface of weighing, counting and measuring. There is a natural order. Whatever style or form a moment may take, it is always easily recognized as a moment.

The structural approach of Lévi-Strauss comes from the work of the modern linguists who have shown that at its core the language, not the content, that really matters. Take, for example, the Frying Ironsman Rule. An individual visits to Vancouver tonight, "I hate the sight of Vancouver tonight," but he would never say, "I like the sight of Vancouver tonight." For some reason, the grammar just doesn't permit the latter statement. The point is that even after the social situation there are very real limits to what we can say and how we can behave, and

they are in all likelihood determined by the very real limits of the brain.

Lévi-Strauss applies the linguistic method to an poetry, history, cinema, in fact to all human behavior. But it is in the myths and legends of the world that he finds the richest ground for his explorations. "Myth," he explains, "begins thought." By myth he means all the uses, all the legends and all the conscious and unconscious results that define a society and describe its behavior. Like the linguists, he is not concerned with the story the myth tells but with the changes it goes through from one culture to another. He doesn't want to know if the world was really created in seven days and, unlike traditional anthropologists, he doesn't care who the subconstructors were and what tools they used. He wants to know what a creation myth tells us about our own creation myth and what tells us about the basic structure of the mind. How do we perceive, and why do we wonder?

Lévi-Strauss delivers the Massey Lectures in a mellow, gradually cadenced that demands time and seeks love. To his supporters the *Parsons* intellectual is a magical minority, a ravage mystic with the mind of a hogman and the seat of a poet. Says writer Susan Sontag: "He is-

vented the profession of the anthropologist as a total occupation, one involving a spiritual commitment like that of the creative artist or the adventurer." In his more popular book, *The Savage Mind*, he levels a devastating attack against the notion that "primitive" man was somehow inferior to "civilized" man. Early man was not a savage beast whose life was determined more by sex, shelter and food than our last are now. The nature of our minds has not changed, only the styles and the codes. He says we study myth not because our roots lie in the past but because we live the past in the present. "When pasts are remembered, it is part of the present, not the past," he explains. "All remembered experience is contemporaneous." Lewis is being heard right now, Steve Austin's plane is crashing, Little Orphan Annie just left her parents.

For Lévi-Strauss it doesn't matter who is right or wrong. Mythology is as the sad and mean is a way for myth to think themselves out. He believes that without myth there can be no real science, for while it is true that engineers build airplanes, it is myth that assures us we can fly. At the very least, says Lévi-Strauss, "myth provides us with the illusion that we can and do understand the universe." —MICHAEL O'NEILL



Photo by J. L. Lacroix

Health

Schizophrenia: the case for 'bad chemistry'

It happened just as he was: the heavy bus set into the line afternoon traffic. Years of jockeying transit vehicles had fine-tuned his ears to the eternal sounds of steel and unstable people making their way home from work. Today something was wrong. They were stuck too long. He glanced in the rearview mirror and saw with a shock what was causing the nervous silence. The passengers were staring, as if from revelation's disheveled window kneeling in the candy aisle. Her body was rigid and her arms were pressed tightly to her sides. She looked terrified and kept pleading in a hoarse whisper, "Please, no, please."

The woman was one of more than 200,000 Canadians who, like 1% of the world's population, suffer from the most prevalent and frightening of all psychotic disorders: schizophrenia. No one on the bus could help her, but if recent discovery works out, Tina's screams eventually may be able to. Last month, 14 years of research by Dr. Philip Seeman, chairman of the pharmacology department at the University of Toronto, and five years of research by Dr. Tyrone Lee, of the Ontario Mental Health Foundation, paid off with the first hard evidence ever established that schizophrenia may be a physical disease like diabetes or arthritis.

Through the years there has been little agreement about what causes schizophrenia. The major controversy has focused on the "nature or nurture" question—whether the source of the disorder is physical or the psychological result of a disturbed early life or some other trauma. But medical researchers have generally agreed on the symptoms. In some and often ritualistic behavior provoked by grossly altered sensory perceptions, vivid hallucina-

tions and delusions, disintegration of ideas and emotions that, for example, may cause a patient to announce the death of a loved one and then laugh hysterically.

In the scramble for a cure in the post-half-century, patients have been lobotomized, tranquilized, psychoanalyzed, starved, chilled, shocked with electricity and equipped with vitamins. Some or large the hope and enthusiasm that greeted each of these innovations has failed to disappoint. Until now, doctors have been able to do little more than treat the symptoms of the disease usually with tranquilizers. Though significant side effects persist, tranquilizers have been relied on

for decades. Seeman and Lee persevered. Their efforts have now been rewarded with proof that the brains of schizophrenics contain excessive amounts of dopamine receptors, the cells that receive and respond to dopamine.

The potential of this discovery is enormous. If the disease is chemically caused, it can be chemically controlled, possibly by blocking or increasing the dopamine receptors. "But there's still a lot of work to be done," cautions Seeman. "This may turn out to be a red herring." As well, even if the evidence proves credible, the "broken and egg" problem remains: the physical condition could be a reaction to psychological stress.

Nevertheless, the discovery is so encouraging that Seeman and his colleagues are looking to the future. Says Seeman, "It's not just a dream, but someday a simple blood test may be developed for schizophrenia." If that happens, treatment will be revolutionized. Diagnosis, too, currently weeks or even months, will be cut dramatically and doctors will at last have laboratory confirmation not only of their diagnosis but of the success rate of their treatment. "Of course if we ever do get an objective test like that," he says, "it will open up a Pandora's box of ethical problems." Doctors might be made that people or pos-



John de Arc (see played by Falsomelli) in *The President of Jean De Arc*, "left, and *South Is self-portrait (right) and that (above) when the gods would destroy...*

much since their invention in the mid-1950s that they ease the suffering of almost 90% of patients. Yet even doctors must be cautioned, and many schizophrenics find so healthy that they abandon the drugs only to have the symptoms return. In Canada alone the annual price tag for hospital care for schizophrenics has reached a staggering \$150 million.

Thinking that schizophrenia is caused by a physical abnormality in the brain, Seeman and Leupold began measuring the effects of a mysterious substance called dopamine. One of several chemical "messengers" used by the brain to carry nervous impulses from cell to cell, dopamine originally was under suspicion as the troublemaker that was flooding the brain with the fragmented sensations that characterize schizophrenia. Although this later proved



to be false, Seeman and Lee persevered. Their efforts have now been rewarded with proof that the brains of schizophrenics contain excessive amounts of dopamine receptors, the cells that receive and respond to dopamine.

TEEN POULTON



There'll never be another Vice President like Richard.

Never.

The President made that promise to himself last Thursday afternoon, after Richard blew an important new-business presentation.

Richard isn't incompetent. The villain in his hunches, or rather the too-many-drinks he often has at lunch. Come afternoon, he's just not so sharp as he was in the morning.

Richard is playing close with his health. His old-fashioned business style is also abrogating his career. Today, with competition

so rough and stakes so high, even the most generous company can't be patient for long with an employee whose effectiveness ends at noon.

If you're a friend, do Richard a favor by reminding him of the good sense of moderation.

You can bet the man eying his job won't help him.



Medicine

The most innocent victims: alcohol and the unborn child



The news that her baby was mentally retarded was heart-breaking enough. But when the pediatrician diagnosed her son's symptoms as fetal alcohol syndrome—resulting from her own alcohol use during pregnancy, Janice Langlois was shocked. Groggily but over her pregnancy, she could recall only one or two occasions when she drank more than a single cocktail at a time. One of them was over the Christmas holidays, several months after she learned she was expecting her second child. Like many people caught up in the season's spirit, she and her husband had done a lot of unusually heavy drinking, getting "mooned" almost nightly for a week. Damaging, she demanded to know. Was her baby really going to cause problems in doing so to her child? Why was she not informed of the risks?

Representing the answer to Janice Langlois's first question was a recent medical research has confirmed that women who drink too much alcohol during pregnancy run a clear risk of bearing children with some of all the mental, physical and behavioral deficits of the fetal alcohol syndrome. Indeed, studies have shown that both the risk and the severity of fetal damage increase in proportion to the amount of alcohol a pregnant woman consumes. For women who average one drink a day, the likelihood of an abnormal baby is calculated to be as high as one in two. For those averaging between two and five drinks daily, estimates range from 15 to 100 percent. Biting, however, is mounting evidence that occasional binge drinkers like Janice Langlois also take horrendous

chances with their offspring's future well-being. Largely on the basis of research done by Dr. Gerald Charnoff at the University of British Columbia, experts now believe fetal damage results when a high blood alcohol level is reached during an early stage of embryonic development.

Alarmed by these findings, the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, an arm of the U.S. federal health department, issued a public "sober caution" last June warning women of the dangers of drinking while pregnant. The same caution was subsequently circulated to 900,000 members of the various health professions. As well, the director of the U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, the body that regulates alcohol, is currently reviewing recommendations that all alcoholic beverages carry a warning to pregnant women. Health warnings already in place in Britain and Western Canada have yet to acknowledge a risk exists. "The magnitude of this thing makes the warnings we look silly," remarks Dr. Patrick MacLeod, a Vancouver scientist involved in research into alcohol's effect on fetal development.

The difference of Canadian health authorities, which at present are more circumspect, seems to be consistent with attitudes that delayed identification of the fetal alcohol syndrome until less than a decade ago. "Massimal alcohol consumption has, after all, been linked to defective births since pre-Biblical times. And for centuries medical literature has referred to cases of 'fatty,' 'foetally-

impaired' babies resulting from alcohol-laden pregnancies. According to U.S. researchers Henry Rosen and Rebecca Warner, however, the view that alcohol itself might be toxic to a fetus apparently dated out of vogue in the post-Prohibition era of relaxed drinking laws, yielding to faulty assumptions that afflicted children were products of "poor stock" or neglect by alcoholic parents.

In the absence of any action to inform the medical profession and the public of the danger alcohol presents to the unborn, awareness is spotty, concentrated mainly among specialists. In Canada, the only known research is being conducted at the University of British Columbia. Dr. David Fraser Smith, a pediatrician involved in the research, says at least 50 cases of full-blown fetal alcohol syndrome—children described as "trants" whose mentally retarded and physically malformed—have been identified in British Columbia in the past four years. By contrast, a survey of three Toronto teaching hospitals turned up only one "suspected" case in the same time period. Undoubtedly, the strongest deterrent to alcohol-damaged children is mother's own awareness. "This is so preventable," says Dr. David W. Smith, a member of the University of Washington pediatric team that named the syndrome in 1973. "Everyone should know about it." As expectant mother can gauge her drinking, he adds. "If she's feeling how much she's had to drink, then the fetus is, too." To get that message across, urges MacLeod, "what we need in Canada is a skirt from the government." **JOYCE BOONE**

Show Business

Striking up the Band

Robert Stigwood, Australian record entrepreneur, turned film producer, sat in his Hollywood study late in November wondering what would make a star project for "the boys." The "boys" in question—Neil Young, Captain and Tenille, Steve Wonder, Rudy Vallee and Judd Mitchell among others—on the music-world superstars who Stigwood hopes will accept his hand-engineered invitations to appear without pay in the dynamic scene of his latest production, the \$12 million budgeted *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* which began shooting on October 10. After some deliberation, Stigwood—who also produced the successful rock musical film *Tummy and Jesse*—Cher's *Supersize* dispatched an envoy to Carlin to rustle up \$150,000 worth of solid gold Sgt. Pepper medals. And someone in the film's million-dollar talent camp up of Herndon, Va. "Robert Stigwood doesn't take any..."

Stigwood, far along 15 years manager and producer of the pop group the Bee Gees (*How Can We Mend A Broken Heart*), had for some time been searching for the right vehicle to launch the group on the screen. A fantasy musical based on the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* and *Abbey Road* albums from the late Sixties seemed the perfect idea to top one both current best-selling albums—the *Play* by Bruce Springsteen and *Thriller* by Michael Jackson—has been that an *Abbey Road* movie—just as well as the studio music boss's for response to the simple story tales with happy endings that were revived with *Rocky* and continued with *Star Wars*. The slight *Sgt. Pepper* songs with its extraordinary music-world villain, good and the goodly pop-like heroes, and only a touch of dialogue, with the story of Billy Shears, grandson of Sgt. Pepper, whose dying wish was for his far famed band to grow up and record a second *Lonely Hearts Club Band*. The film's producers for some time had been meeting along with a smaller group ("We look like we're just going to love music"), determined to take over the world. Naturally the bad guys got their own response and all ends in a sweetened and light. Included are 32 Beatles songs, a pair of talking-sing female robots and a hair-brain flip-eyed sequence guaranteed to please *Sgt. Pepper* fans.

Also on tap for superstar Peter Frampton, Alan Cooper and singer-songwriter Paul Nicholas (*Maniac*) are the *Beetles* (*Flower*). For those who wouldn't know a rock star if they're in a line and wailing road, the film also has English actor David Fleener (*Flowers*) comedian George Baker, Frankie Howard and Steve Martin, and

two unknowns chosen for the uncreditable Hollywood fairy-tale search: Dianne Stubby plays the evil mistress, Lucy (in *The Sky With Diamonds*, recently), and *Stacy* Farrow is innocent heroine, Strawberry Fields.

The project, scheduled for a Universal Pictures August 1978 release, has been three years in the planning. Early in December, its production helped wire days

and had to director Michael Schultz. "I think if you hurry up and I clean up my act we might be in business."

Schultz claims he's drawing "the biggest low-budget movie I've ever done—it's so big that it could easily get out of hand and cost \$30 million." Although the budget seems lavish, Schultz claims to be securing on credits and expenses to recoup previous money spent on actual shooting.



Be Gees Robin (left), Martin and Barry Gibb (center) and George Harrison (right)

belated a crew-member promised that it might be "three years in the making." The music, arranged and recorded by George Martin, who originally signed the Beatles to Britain's EMI label in 1962, remains available to director Schultz "free to the Beatles" spirit although it's been given a Section 8 sound.

Choreographer Pat Black, just finished with the movie version of the *Father* musical *Grease*, another Stigwood production and on the set a night December 1976 as if he's been here all his life. As the weekend yet again "Matthew" below them, an unusual number involving happily people on conveyor belts being dropped on the head by an evil Steve Martin—only to be revived in money-hungry, nostalgic youth—Black snipped her

"When the music's pre-recorded," he says, "and you have seen who've never been on a film before, things go much slower than they would if you were working with actual actors." On the set, all seems in full of sweetness and light as the script is split. Frampton and the Bee Gees work patiently to work, asking politely for the occasional cup of tea. "They're nice boys but...," someone says. "It's their first picture so they think it's always the slow but they'll learn after a while."

Later on the custom-ordered Sgt. Pepper bellows with its wicked and dandy-trimmed bucket and belt and chrome glaze look of *Iron Heist* and covered with Frampton, the Bee Gees and Paul Nicholas in the start of their symbolic journey toward the realization of the big one on crew cars. But was hard to make "300,000 for this sucker—Robert Stigwood sure doesn't sleep!" **LOUISE FARR**

Films

Close encounters of the absurd kind

Columbia Pictures' previous screening of its *Close Encounters of The Third Kind* at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was over and the young actress, deeply moved, was plainly in the grip of emotions over which she had to exert the tightest reins. Finally, outside in the blizzarding warmth of a Beverly Hills night, she found the warmth that had been finding her. "Glad!" she stated, "why didn't I tell my Columbia stock yesterday?"

The fact that she didn't was a tribute to Columbia's expert greenhouse selling job which has managed to place its films around the idea that we are not alone and that their movie, about outer space's first contact with earth is going to show why—raising the hair on our necks as it does so. "And now that" and the actress, in an inner space of despair. "It's going to set me back five years."

For anyone recently interested in Hollywood history, the success or failure of *Close Encounters* is a matter of importance. Founded in 1924, Columbia is one of the oldest Hollywood studios, but its film-making future may well depend on how Steven Spielberg's \$39.2-million film fares at the box office. The studio has not paid a dividend since 1971—in 1973 it lost \$50 million and owed the banks \$65 million more—in 1974 its stock sank to a price of \$1.63. Lately analysts have picked up a little. Spielberg's surprise hit, widely condoned with saving Columbia's bacon in 1975, and this year *The Day* has been another big money-maker that so protect in banks as a field where so many production hits. Columbia recently diversified by buying the Grinnell-Pinkett Company and 500,000 shares of Market, the toy company.

This year the stock started at \$7.36 and steadily climbed into the full *Close Encounters* of *The Third Kind* was not only a brilliant idea—nobody knew what it meant, mostly, except that it was about outer space, but it also turned good. Spielberg, it was clearly understood in movie circles, was the latest in the Hollywood genus of genius—in 1971 he had made a two-hour version of a movie called *Dial 911*, in 1974 *The New Yorker's* Pauline Kael called *The Sugarland Express* his first feature, "one of the most phenomenal (dramatically) debut films in the history of movies"—and for a time in the past two years his second feature, *Amos*, made more money than any movie had in the movie history of recorded time. All that, and he was only 29. Later in the word went, the last cautiously put for he's commercial.

By October 26—announced by the resignation of its senior executive vice-president for conducting certain unauthorized financial transactions—Columbia stock reached \$35.58. And then came black Tuesday—November 1, when *New York magazine* hit the news with an extremely damaging report by William Flanagan, a famous art reporter who had contacted his wife via a stock purchase of *Close Encounters* in Dallas. "In my humble opinion," wrote Flanagan, "the word dropping like depth charges on thousands of psychic tests," "the picture will be a colossal flop." To miss the point here, the paper was accused partly by its line dropping-depending its own wronging on to land on a misstatement and laying a monstrous eye.

The resulting confusion was extraordinary even for before *New York* magazine's news. Diding out themselves to tell that a 90-minute film was called in trading of Columbia studios in Wall Street. Two days later, Columbia had it traded 20,500 shares (November 1 it traded 20,500) and the stock dropped to \$15.50 before rising slightly to \$16. That *New magazine* gave the movie a mere five days later, which many have heurtened those who didn't know that *Encounters* a major investor in it, but by the time it opened to some 400 members of the press from Western Australia at the Academy, everyone associated with the film was heurting with disaster.

And yet the mass press conference the day after the opening may well have soothed some of the jagged nerves up on the day. The original plan—laid out by producers Michael and Julia Phillips, *New Yorkers* in their early thirties whose story



at Hollywood haven't I forgone for smoking tobacco with *The Day* only their first one at all, then smoking a pipe richer with Tim Dwyer—was to have no more, with one of two principal members of the production and acting team in each, the press circulating through in the spirit moved Fifty-dollar tips rendered an enormous, thoughtfully considered, had been given each of us, the better to facilitate our duties. Alan Julia Phillips 23 and (they) had nearly considered under another name in Erica Jong's sequel to *Fire of Phlegm*, *How To Grow Four Dumb Kids* (also out with her Columbia has books, with the result that after all the halcyon and all the expense of flying writers (first-class) to Los Angeles from all over the world, all that was left was a position 90-minute free-for-all in a single conscious session. "Protagonists? No doubt," Julia gumbled a couple of days afterward.

The wordless thing was that so many writers should have spent the same time available hoping to then turn to completing all concerned on making, virtually, "a profoundly successful movie," "a religious experience," "a masterpiece," "a shining beacon of optimism for anyone who's into middle-age," and "a film that left me that at a pleasant glow of warmth." Had their minds already been flooded in such euphoric mass? Against, I wondered during of a first-class round trip, our night's lodging and a \$50 tape recorder were all in look—and if so, would my attempts of the tape recorder in use the scales eventually to fall from my eyes?

Happily, as the official part of the meeting broke up and the mid-pastured around the people still on the day, some sort of union quo was restored. "And what are you

A terrified (by them) Melinda Dillon, but less terrified (by them) on Gary, with her (before) and since (left), and (here) at Devlin Young

going to do next, Julia?" asked one member. That the Madras, much smiling, eyes hard and downcast. "It's going to tell and enjoy what most people think are my ill-gotten gains," replied Julia Phillips in her usual New York twang. "Here, here!" said the newsmen, looking and should like to know Phillips into stark terror. "Absolutely, Julia, you've earned it." Turning away a few moments later, eyes said after some private organ of envy, the newsmen returned to a colleague: "Julia, what a bitch!"

Later still, back home and with rather more detour, Julia Phillips asked why Michael's was disappointed by the movie. Too much about conceptual efforts, was the answer, not enough involvement with characters. That was the fact of *Star Wars*, Phillips argued: the George Lucas power has recently engendered Spielberg's *Amos* to become the latest almost top money-maker. "Steven was absolutely wiped out by the success of that film. I mean, he became anxious. Finally he scrapped large parts of the beginning of *Close Encounters*, family scenes and so on, and went out and shot some special effects." Spielberg was still shaking them three weeks before the film finally opened.

The 26-hour result at a shocker, often absurd, utterly unengaged, mawkish whose last half-hour of pure starry-eyed effects—the dramatic moment where the alien land and welcome earthlings a board their spacecraft for an endless flight through space and the time warp—made an icon for press through the time warp myself and return younger than the movie was making me. Whatever energy the film has derives from Richard Dreyfuss as the poor representative in Monroe Indiana, who sees and experiences life in his hometown. He is a government official in his hometown to find out what they're all about, he's desired by his wife and family

who think he's a saint, and finally goes to his rendezvous with spatial destiny as Devlin Young.

The only artist to register at the movie was François Truffaut, the French director, who plays, with more charm than the part can bear a space-phenomenon expert who is trying to both sit up and Tim Dwyer on his side, and, with a more edge, who probably did something with the role of Dreyfuss' wife before most of it was parked, thus making her departure from the film brusque, her part meaningless. A measure of the movie's stupidity is that the quality line is never explained. For the record, encounters of the third kind mean physical evidence, of the third kind mean physical evidence, of the third kind mean actual contact.

For film, of course, has opened to enormous business in L.A., where it has broken the kind of box office records that are always being broken. After the sales campaign and the publicity it has had in the L.A. press, the wonder would be if it had not. She sold, since then, she's been screening a already out. The book about the making of the movie is due early next year. "All Columbia needs," says one Hollywood hand, "to for all the 16 million North Americans who say they've seen a UFO in their lives"—and take a friend with them—open it. Or will the movie be a Nashville—open strongly, they don't. Whatever time will tell all about the movie the actress who worked so hard to sit stock after she'd seen the L.A. premiere is no happier and she sold, since then, she's been screening a already out to above \$15. Proof, if needed, that businessmen are being baffled once again by what Hollywood has done.

DAVID KATZ

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- 1 *The Silkworm*, Tashiro (3)
 - 2 *Act of God*, Pangloss (2)
 - 3 *The Honourable Secretary*, Le Cam (2)
 - 4 *Secret Heart*, Foster (3)
 - 5 *The Thore House*, McCullough (4)
 - 6 *Omaha One Five*, Anderson (7)
 - 7 *Beginnings*, Thiel, Shaw (1)
 - 8 *Gasping Gas*, Andrews (5)
 - 9 *Goodbye Casanova*, MacLean (1)
 - 10 *Cause To This Sun Again*, Collette (2)
- NOTIFICATION
- 1 *Tom Thomsen*, Town/Dillon (3)
 - 2 *The Dunes Years*, Benton (3)
 - 3 *Dear Mr. Walker* (1)
 - 4 *Albany Years And Wonderful*, Winkler (2)
 - 5 *The Country Diary Of An Old Woman*, Lally, Holden (3)
 - 6 *One Garden*, Vignone (3)
 - 7 *The Book of Livia*, Winkler/Walker (3)
 - 8 *Years Of Silence*, Bradshaw (4)
 - 9 *Remembering The Farm*, Anderson (3)
 - 10 *Circus Canceled*, Wood/Walker (1)
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Hey, man, have you read Hansard? No...but I saw the show!

Column by Allan Fotheringham

There is a new sign of honor for the big combs television art in the National Press Club on the second floor of the North Building at 150 Wellington Street in Ottawa. It is in the pride of place as a table in the corner of the lounge and there is now a daily contest of shared observation—the vibrant Mack McGinnis, the elegant former diplomat Charles Rishie and a few others—strange afternoon hourglassing re-

it's a boon to anyone wanting to stare down leather.

Most important is what the square eye has done to the public perception of political figures. Here suddenly is a new Prime Minister—think of the structured, controlled TV studio background where Liberal Party strategy can select the set to suit the national moment and the outsider get his codes of tape. Here, instead, is a

period is there. The first principle of Harris attack and Joe Clark—since he doesn't have to provide solutions in question periods—has looked as TV to be a decisive, well-controlled comic. The Gallup poll proves it.

Years ago Marshall McLuhan predicted that color TV would create a need for better, spicier foods, more exotic, fanciful and wilder clothing in use. As usual, he

was correct, as witness the head-on collision of the Ontario Airlines and the standard fixture now around any conversation, once dressed in what is known as "the Fall Winter" style, while in the Liberal as yet have not realized what they have based on the nation by allowing cameras into the Commons. Serious security is about to burst upon us.

As anyone who has been on TV discovers, constant camera-like experience is all. The air from Roshon Roshon Part has learned to his disappointment, that the only thing that interests his TV-watching constituency is his land, bullproof blue serge suit with last year's tag. It has been, for decades the standard uniform for an Ottawa politician, as recognizable as the short pants of a

private school kid.

Now thanks in part to the heat of the TV cameras and ended by the comments of their wives and girlfriends are discovering the Pearson Revolution one broader beyond the rest of the world. Brian Mulroney, the Queen of Canada, says her personal definition of bad taste is "does-it-look-polyester-trousers." The Tories may yet be X-rated.

It is a measure of the forward progress of democracy that the next election may hinge on which party wears the least-bare couches in the World Series, that one can no longer shift one's underwear with impunity. If you're one of those who have managed to find Mulroney and have not yet succumbed to junk foods that give you heartburn, do not fear. The fall-friend, with a Hawaiian and a window-clash sports jacket, may provide your life with more color than is really needed.



Prime Minister constantly on the defense, carrying his poorly lubricated suit on his back, bobbing and weaving nervously in semantic desperation over the issue force. The standard lighting is all wrong for him. The sad position under the eye is noted at the oval light. At these emerging folds of his scolded face are emphasized, ungranted. He appears stiff and hunched. For once Prime Minister appears vulnerable.

Equity, the police have been authorized to discover a Joe Clark under the camera they have grown accustomed to read about. The press (the entire contributing as usual) has painted a picture of an amiable young laughter who can't jump a mad pencil, in a rare/less or never his services in. The reluctant discomfort, come to the obvious conclusion that the Tory leader also could not stop, but sentences together in fact, Joe Clark is a good necessary debate—which is all quarters

An elegant shape is very often a reflection of quality.



Carrington, a whisky of outstanding quality.

©1984 Glenfiddich Distillery

Dress yourself to the eye-teeth. And starve all day so you'll have plenty of room for the couscous. Come with your arms laden, not with gifts, but with good will, good habits, and loving thoughts for your friends and family. Our house will ring with laughter and sparkle with lights and flashes of holiday flowers. And what is ours is yours to enjoy. This will be an evening of pleasures both pure and bright, and all in the proper spirit of things. Let's make a resolution right now. Instead of waiting all year for this magic season, let's extend its warmth throughout the year to come. Welcome, friends.



We wish you a year-long Holiday Season filled with moderation in all things except for an abundance of affection.

Smirnoff